

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF DETROIT
OCT 24 1908

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,763 Vol. 106.

10 October 1908.

6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK.	437	MIDDLES:		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		National Character in Art. By Laurence Binyon	447	Lord Wemyss' Proposal. By G. Addison Smith	451
The Balkan Sensation	440	Tame Animals and Music: an Inquiry. By John F. Runciman	448	The Irish Land Muddle	451
Three Years' Work	441	Miss Ellen Terry's Book. By Max Beerbohm	449	After the Book War	451
The Church among the Looms	442			REVIEWS:	
An Australian Lead	443	VERSE:		The Two Fletchers	452
THE CITY	444	From Goethe. By Jennett Humphreys	449	An Educated Paladin	453
INSURANCE:		CORRESPONDENCE:		Eighteenth-Century Alarms	454
Indirect Loss from Fire	444	Austria's Perfidy and the "Revelations" of the "Times"	450	The Old Story	454
SPECIAL ARTICLE:		The State of Italy	450	NOVELS	455
The Mayo "Miracle". By "Pat"	445			SHORTER NOTICES	455
				THE OCTOBER REVIEWS	456

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The "abrupt and irregular manner", to quote Sir Edward Grey, in which Bulgaria has converted autonomy into independence, and Austria has changed administration into dominion, places the Liberal Government in a very awkward position, and has made all the editors of the metropolitan press very cross. Had the thing happened a year ago, Prince Ferdinand would have been the hero of the hour, and gallant little Bulgaria, "rightly struggling to be free", would have been smothered in the embraces of the emancipating fraternity of the Radical press. The abruptness and irregularity of the Emperor Francis Joseph would have been pooh-poohed as a mere neglect of forms which have been invented by pedants to justify their own existence. But in the last few months the Sultan has been induced to grant a new Constitution to the Young Turkey party, which has been hailed by the Liberal Government in this country, and by the emancipating fraternity throughout Europe, as the death-warrant of the Unspeakable One and the dawn of a new era for the Ottoman Empire.

It is certainly awkward that hardly is the ink dry on the charter of the new Constitution, when bang go three provinces and the island of Crete! If the Sultan is the cynic which the Radical press is never tired of flagellating, he may be forgiven a chuckle, and he would be more than human if he did not point out to the Young Turkey party that constitutional reform (revolution he would call it) does not apparently mean imperial solidarity. Quite seriously, what has been done is so obviously the right thing that, except for the breach of diplomatic etiquette and the sentimental offence to the

Turkish party of reform, every sensible man would approve it.

Sir Edward Grey struck exactly the right note when he said, "The material and practical change which has been made is not so great. Bulgaria has declared its independence, but it had autonomy before, and the difference between autonomy and independence is not from the practical point of view so very great, whatever it may be from the sentimental. The provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina were under Austrian administration before, and the fact that she now has announced her intention of taking them over entirely and for good is not such a very great material and practical change. But the manner in which this has been brought about is, to say the least of it, both irregular and abrupt". When an international question has been boiled down to irregularity and abruptness of manner, the most nervous and the most pessimistic need not be afraid of war.

The Prime Minister was not so happy as Sir Edward Grey in his handling of the crisis. His touch was not so light, and he mouthed a good many pompous platitudes about the sanctity of treaties. Diplomatic cant apart, everybody versed in foreign affairs knows that a treaty lasts just as long as it suits the convenience of all parties to observe it. The most important clause in the Treaty of Paris made in 1856 was torn up by Russia fifteen or sixteen years later, and in due course a European Congress ratified what had been done. The Treaty of Berlin has lasted thirty years, and now it has been violated by Austria without the consent of Turkey, Great Britain, France, or Russia, but apparently with the consent of Germany and Italy, for the Austrian Minister of Finance informed the bankers of Vienna that the agreement of the other two members of the Triple Alliance had been previously obtained. He also added, rather curiously, that the Emperor Francis Joseph was unaware of Bulgaria's intentions. Literally that may be true; but we suspect that the Emperor had his suspicions: and we quite understand that the Head of the Hapsburgs does not care to figure as the fellow-conspirator of Prince Ferdinand. Of course Great Britain, France, and Russia cannot recognise so

palpable a breach of international law, and the Powers are bound to promise that everything shall be done to soothe the feelings of Turkey.

How is the diplomatic irregularity to be condoned? How is the violation of a treaty, which everybody admits to have been inevitable, and most people agree to be expedient, to receive the formal recognition of the European Powers? There are only two ways, an interchange of Notes between the Powers, and a Conference. Those who hope to gain by fishing in troubled waters will prefer a Conference; those who want a quiet settlement will prefer an exchange of Notes. Maybe that at this moment it can hardly pay any one of the Powers to push its own claims to unpleasant lengths. But no one can say where a Conference will end. However, Turkey seems to want it; so a Conference is perhaps probable.

Feeling in South Africa in favour of union rather than federation appears to become stronger as the time approaches for the Durban Convention to assemble. At the "send-off" dinner given in Cape Town to the Cape delegates this tendency was marked. The Dutch favour union, but curiously enough Mr. Hofmeyr, on behalf of the Bond, supports federation, and federation of a loose character. Mr. Schreiner—who having been retained to defend Dinizulu will not take part in the Convention—opposes union in the interests of the natives. Cape Colony's native policy is not that of Natal nor of the Transvaal, and union would mean that the treatment of the natives throughout South Africa must be seriously modified. Then there is the question of Natal. Union would swamp Natal in the Dutch vote, and Natal is not prepared for that. Whatever its administrative and economic advantages, from the British point of view union might be fatal.

The American Presidential campaign grinds on. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft have both been trying to keep up the spirit of their followers by assuring them that they are certain of victory. This is, of course, the usual form and means nothing. Mr. Hearst has been meanwhile dribbling out more revelations with an iteration that his victims must truly find "damnable". Unfortunately for them they are all supported by documentary evidence. Mr. Debs, the Socialist, has had a great reception in New York. But the fact which would seem to dominate the situation is the lack of money in the coffers of both parties. The trusts and corporations, which usually have been the heaviest subscribers, distrust both parties, and we may assume that, with Mr. Hearst in the background, both parties are afraid of taking subscriptions from them. This no doubt is all to the good from the public point of view.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour have both been making speeches in Scotland. They have opened the political season in what Mr. Asquith called the cockpit of British politics. Mr. Asquith was first in Berwickshire, and three-fourths of his speech was occupied in explaining to his agricultural audience that they had been deprived of benefits they were eager to enjoy by the rejection of the Scottish Land Bill last session by the House of Lords. To clinch his rhetoric Mr. Asquith asks his audience triumphantly, "Are we on the right lines?" A solitary "voice" replies "Yes!" This does not seem very enthusiastic for a crowded meeting. Mr. Balfour two days after took up the challenge. Nobody, he said, outside the Scottish Office believed that the Bill would do anything but introduce the mischievous Irish land system into Scotland.

The House of Lords rejected the Bill solely for this reason. There is the method adopted in the English Small Holdings Act, there is that of the creation of peasant proprietors, which has been the Continental method. The Government Bill for Scotland set up the Irish dual ownership system, under which the landlord is reduced to a mere receiver of rent and retains no interest in his land. It is unknown except in Ireland and the congested crofters' districts of Scotland.

England, where agriculture is on very much the same lines as in the Scottish Lowlands, would have refused to look at any such Bill. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, more Scottish even than Mr. Asquith, are better interpreters of Scottish agriculturists. They hold that what is rather wanted is genuine peasant proprietorship; and Mr. Balfour hopes that a Unionist Government will settle the question in this way.

Mr. Balfour correctly led through the strong in his speech at Dumfries on Tuesday, taking the Government's social reform record as his main theme. Mr. Balfour's claim that social reform has generally been a strong Conservative suit is more than just; but it cannot be denied that, whatever their precedents, this Liberal Government has shown a strong social reform hand. The Merchant Shipping Act, the Children's Act, and Mr. Burns' Housing Bill, in so far as it was a housing Bill, are all useful measures. But their bigger cards—Temperance, Old Age Pensions, and Small Holdings—they have spoilt in the playing. Mr. Asquith but plays into Mr. Balfour's hands when he assures him, as he did at Leven, that the Cabinet had given deep and prolonged thought to their Old Age Pensions scheme. Exigencies of time could be the only excuse for so maladroit a scheme—a scheme the Government themselves radically changed under the fire of criticism.

Social reform out of the way, Mr. Balfour's game was easy. Politically the Government have really no hand at all. The country is plainly deserting them. They have denounced the Lords, but not had the courage to attack them. They threaten the Church and do nothing. They are afraid to say plainly whether they are for or against Home Rule. Mr. Balfour made capital play there. The Government would say as little in favour of Home Rule as the Nationalists will allow them and as much as their English supporters will endure. But this cannot go on for ever. Liberals will have to make their election; and they cannot make it without loss. Hence the putting off of the evil day. Mr. Balfour's argument on the House of Lords was complete as against the Radicals. They pose as the vindicators of the popular House (Mr. Balfour will not let us say Lower House) and any alteration of the House of Lords, certainly to make it elective, can only make it stronger, says Mr. Balfour, and the Commons proportionately weaker. But we do not like this argument. It is a Radical apology for the Lords, not a Tory vindication of them. "I am a House of Commons man", says Mr. Balfour. True; and it is his weak point. This is not the day of the House of Commons.

We hope certain tariff reform electioneers, men of more enthusiasm than judgment, will note Mr. Balfour's veiled rebuke to them. "Fiscal reform can improve the general conditions of trade. It cannot—nobody who desires to fix his thoughts upon it, and be clear, moderate, and sober, will say that it can—do away with all those oscillations" in trade: in other words, with unemployment. It will certainly mitigate and lessen unemployment; but it equally certainly cannot get rid of it. There is always a tendency to overstate one's case—especially when it is to one's advantage to do so—and it is well that Mr. Balfour has deliberately corrected all extravagant statement of the tariff reform case. We do not like the idea of the great body of tariff reformers being broken on the charge of claiming that there will be no more unemployed, if we get tariff reform.

Just one tittle of comfort may be extracted from the Board of Trade returns for September. There is a slight increase in the imports of raw material, which may mean that manufacturers are making ready for larger orders. But the item does not carry us far, particularly when we remember that there was one working day more in September this year than last. As usual, there is no falling-off in imports of articles wholly or mainly manufactured. They show an increase over both last year and the year before. Foreign manufacturers who are feeling the depression save themselves from the worst and aggravate our troubles by taking advantage of our open door. On the side of

exports the record is still downward, to the extent of over a million and a half sterling on the month. In nine months our total exports have declined by nearly fifty millions.

There is something of coincidence that in the week of Sir George Livesey's death Sir Christopher Furness should have made his co-partnership offer to his workmen at West Hartlepool. In the coming days, when order has been introduced into the present disorganised relations of capital and labour, Sir George Livesey will be recognised as the great pioneer of the new system. The system of labour co-partnership which he introduced at the South Metropolitan Gas Company's Works nearly twenty years ago has been a success. There has been no strike, and he could regard with indifference, as far as his own business was concerned, even the licence given to trade unions by the Trades' Disputes Act. What had happened there was that the trade union had ceased to be needed as an organiser of industrial war; and we may hope that this will happen elsewhere.

Sir Christopher Furness made an offer to his men which sounds like a joke and which really was a business proposition in a humorous form. "Will you buy my business?" he asked. In other words, would they like to have the responsibility of the business with all its risks due to strikes? There was great depression in Hartlepool, and yet his firm were afraid to take orders unless they could give the necessary guarantee to carry out the work. He proposed that the men should become holders of employees' shares, paid for by deduction of 5 per cent. from earnings, with 4 per cent. interest whether the company divided any surplus profit or not. Interest would be allotted at 5 per cent. on capital; the employees would share in surplus profits and they would continue to work and be paid according to trade-union regulations and rates. It is certainly a handsome offer; and in addition there is the proposal for a works council of an equal number of representatives of the firm and of employees. If the men accept, they are to decide within five weeks. The experiment would be an important precedent for the labour co-partnership idea.

It is a peculiar feature of the cotton strike that animosity and ill-will are being shown by one section of the operatives against another more than against the employers. The carders, who are alone responsible for the lock-out, are bitter against the spinners for voting to accept terms. They are trying to starve them out by getting them deprived of the allowance from the Federation of Trade Unions. At the meeting of the executives of the spinners and carders in Manchester the spinners had this screw turned on them. They must either cancel the vote already given or the carders will persist in demanding their deprivation of strike pay. The spinners refused to yield. From men in the mood of the carders nothing rational can be expected; there seems no prospect of an early settlement.

At the Railway Servants' Conference Mr. James Bell, the President, naturally discussed the vexed question of the dismissals. He spoke quite reasonably. On the whole too he commended the agreement between the companies and the men at the time of the threatened strike. He and Mr. Richard Bell M.P., however, differ completely as to the effect nationalisation would have. According to Mr. James Bell, the dismissals would not be allowed in that case. Not long ago Mr. Richard Bell was doubtful about nationalisation because it would certainly throw many men out of employment. There is a scheme to amalgamate all the railway servants' unions; and Mr. Bell M.P. has been warning the societies not to over-staff their offices, or when the amalgamation takes place there will have to be dismissals. So will it be with amalgamation or nationalisation of the railway companies.

Can we account for the great increase in fatal accidents and other injuries in London streets except by the increase of motor vehicles of various kinds? All the figures are stated in the Police Commissioners'

report for last year and they show how very steadily and largely hansom, horse-omnibuses and horse-trams are disappearing. They are going by the thousand each year and the only cab that is holding its own, and a little more, is the growler. It is still the most convenient for luggage. One agreeable fact is that the Noise Committee refused to pass a half of about a thousand vehicles tested by them. There were ten more persons killed and eighty-four more injured by motor omnibuses in 1907 than in 1906; and the light motor car killed sixteen persons and injured two hundred and fifty-nine last year more than the year before.

The United States have a canal question as well as Great Britain, and its promoters are making use of the Presidential campaign to push it to the front. Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan have both spoken enthusiastically on the subject. President Roosevelt, like Kaiser Wilhelm, has been a warm advocate of improved waterways, and desires to expend vast sums on improving the Mississippi, which is becoming difficult to navigate. Why do our canal partisans not get up a banquet of seven thousand as they did in Chicago? and why should not the Canal Commission have a marching song as they had at Chicago? The words used in Chicago might suit here:

"We want the boats a-running and lowering the rates";

but can we say

"And if we get the water we'll guarantee the freights"?

That we are waiting for the Commission to tell us.

At last the official announcement has been made that Sir Ian Hamilton is to be the new Adjutant-General and Sir Charles Douglas the new Chief of the Southern Command, both appointments to take effect next May. These are not happy appointments: square pegs in round holes. Sir Ian Hamilton is essentially a field general of great experience; and his usefulness will largely be lost in an office as an organiser or administrator. General Douglas is essentially an "orderly room" man; and has never yet shown that he is the man to lead troops in the field. He is the personification of the old and worst Aldershot school. We recognise of course that something had to be done for him; and had he been appointed to such commands as the Northern or Scottish, there could have been no objection. The troops there are mostly auxiliaries, and it is unlikely that their general would be called to take a big command in the field. Presumably the Southern Command will be the next, after the Aldershot, to take the field. No one who has not proved himself to be a leader of men should have been appointed.

In the legal world the rumour is that Lord Macnaghten is about to retire, and that Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy will be promoted to the vacant lordship of Appeal in Ordinary with a life peerage. Mr. Justice Bigham would be made a Lord Justice, while the Solicitor-General, Sir Samuel Evans, will, it is stated, take a puisne judgeship in the King's Bench Division. There is of course only one man who can succeed Sir Samuel Evans as a law officer of the Crown, namely, Mr. Rufus Isaacs. But his seat at Reading would almost certainly be lost; and though the Government can perhaps afford to lose some more bye-elections, the process is trying to the temper of the Cabinet. Probably therefore the Solicitor-General will be pressed to defer his desire for the Bench, and some lawyer not in the House of Commons will be made a puisne judge. It certainly would be awkward for the Government if Mr. Rufus Isaacs were to lose his seat, and not be able to find another.

Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence scores over Mr. Lloyd George in their amusing correspondence on the interruption of meetings by women suffragists. Mr. Lloyd George made a particular charge, that the women were paid. It was an aggravation of the offence. Mrs. Lawrence shows that of the thirty women who protested at his Queen's Hall meeting only one had ever received any pay. At the Swansea meeting only

one of the five women had ever had a salary and she was not in receipt of it at the time. And suppose Mrs. Lawrence did object to Pro-Boer meetings being interrupted: is Mr. Lloyd George going to argue that a woman should be consistent? Or even a politician? Did he vote for the guillotine when he was in opposition? As to the right Mrs. Lawrence claims of interrupting public meetings, we do not know that it can be disproved. But Mr. Lloyd George's friends have also the right to throw her friends out.

This year, at any rate, we might be excused for thinking the annual Church Congress superfluous. Have we not had a Pan-Anglican Congress? Has there not been a Lambeth Conference? In all seriousness we hold that it would have been wise to drop the Church Congress for this year. Truly the Bishop of Manchester's address was not a thing to lose. But it need not be lost: only put off to a much more convenient season. His address was certainly far above the average for presidential addresses. A strong point about it was freedom from feeble optimism. The Church presses towards a great hope; but that is not to say that all is well. Neither, as some others have done, does Dr. Knox allow his zeal for social reform to make him see the hope of the Church in this present world. In the discussion on Biblical criticism the extreme conservatives were not happily represented. In much Higher Criticism there certainly has been a good deal of insolence; but the general conclusion must be with Canon Storr that "viewed broadly, the critical movement has resulted in spiritual gain rather than loss".

A few years ago Dr. Koch startled scientific men by declaring that there was no connexion between bovine and human tuberculosis. Very shortly before this a Royal Commission had reported on the special dangers to human beings of tuberculosis originating in animals, and recommending stringent regulation. The question has remained more or less unsettled ever since owing to the respect paid to Dr. Koch's authority. The Tuberculosis Conference that has been sitting at Washington has had a thorough discussion of the question. A special feature was the private meeting of Dr. Koch with sixty other scientific men. Dr. Koch has perceptibly weakened on his theory, and the result is that scientific men are less inclined than ever to agree with him. The Congress passed a resolution that preventative measures should be continued against bovine tuberculosis, and that the possibility of its propagation in man should be recognised.

Mr. Runciman, of the Board of Education, opening a library at Newcastle on Wednesday, roundly condemned newspapers. "So far as literary influence went, the effect of the newspaper was positively pernicious." Unfortunately the effect of his censure was lost by bad logic. Mr. Runciman condemns newspapers, and then says they find a proper place in a library; which seems to involve the library in the same condemnation. Also Mr. Runciman would seem to be under the idea that newspapers were literature! What else can be made of this: "Literature is not without its bad influences, and in the front rank of these I place newspapers"? We fear the President of the Board of Education is without literary feeling; and he would shrink from organising literature. Hear his six compartments: 1, record; 2, logic; 3, emotion and rhythm; 4, reaction; 5, creation; 6, all the rest.

Worcester City Council may think itself very generous in sending to Worcester, Mass., two suits of armour, relics of Worcester field, from its municipal collection. But such relics are national and not municipal. No local body ought to have the power to send them out of the country. Americans are well able to buy all the antiquities they want, and are not backward to do it. Worcester people do not deserve to have these historic treasures. It is said that they have been Philistines enough to wrench a stone from their Cathedral to send to Worcester, Mass. This is just on a par with the cockney tripper who steals a nose from a public statue.

THE BALKAN SENSATION.

MACAULAY, as everybody used to know, in an essay on Byron, calls attention to the outbursts of aggressive morality to which from time to time the British public is liable. A victim is selected, and when he has been harried to death the matter drops. The same phenomenon may be observed in our treatment of international affairs. The Press, usually unfurnished with knowledge as to the history of the question in dispute, selects a malefactor and endeavours to hound its readers into hysterics over the enormities of that unfortunate Power. The nerves of the public, not over-strong in these days, will, we hope, on this occasion resist the attempts to stimulate them to madness. If we were face to face to-day with a political crime equal in enormity to the partition of Poland, the language used by our newspapers might be criticised as highly coloured. For twenty-three years Bulgaria as it is at present constituted has been in reality an independent State, and for thirty years Austria has occupied and governed Bosnia and Herzegovina, nobody ever pretending to believe those provinces would be restored to Turkey. The events of the last few days have changed nothing at all in the actual condition of these countries or of Europe. A recognition of facts has superseded a long exploded fiction, and both the States so furiously assailed were distinctly provoked by the incautious utterances of the Young Turkish party. This is a bare statement of fact. But the British press has treated the proclamation of Bulgarian independence and the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina as if they were on a par with the grossest breaches of public faith known to history, such as Napoleon's seizure of the Spanish Sovereigns. Let us hope some sense of proportion may return to the saner among our journalists, or they will have no adjectives left to stigmatise a big international crime when it is perpetrated, as it may be. "The American eagle, proud bird, is screaming, sir", said an excited partisan to Artemus Ward. "Let him scream", was the reply. This indeed seems the only fashion in which the present situation can be treated by sensible people.

We do not advocate the repudiation of treaty obligations nor do we say that repudiation should be accepted without protest, but some proportion should be observed between the offence and the criticism. It is correct enough to demand that all the signatories of a treaty should acquiesce in its repudiation by one of them, but if Turkey waives her objections, no one else can have any reason or excuse for crying out. The utterances of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary in this matter go quite as far as any public man has a right to go. The so-called "revelation" by the "Times" Paris correspondent of a secret agreement between Turkey and Austria regarding the two provinces only tends to show that the arrangement was one between those two Powers. This country is peculiarly responsible for the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, for we had agreed to it before the opening of the Berlin Congress, and Lord Beaconsfield introduced the matter there. But as Bismarck states in his memoirs, the Treaty of Reichstadt, made between Russia and Austria in January 1877, "and not the Berlin Congress, is the foundation of the Austrian possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and during her war with the Turks secured to Russia the neutrality of Austria". The occupation of these provinces was, in fact, the price paid to Austria to stand aside and had been acquiesced in by England before the Congress. When the Turkish plenipotentiaries remonstrated, our plenipotentiaries turned their backs on them. We, in fact, acquiesced in this encroachment upon the rights of the Porte in order that Austria might accept our own secret arrangement with Russia.

This is not perhaps a very edifying story, but anyone who wishes to criticise Austria and Bulgaria might be advised to study the articles of M. Hanotaux in the current and preceding numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes". We venture to say that had Austria and Bulgaria a year ago acted as they have done, the indignation now so freely expressed might have been at all events modified. It is thought to be, and undoubtedly

is, hard on the new régime in Turkey to be faced with an obvious loss of prestige so early in its career. If it can carry the country through without injuring the Reform party, it will perform a great feat indeed; but that is hardly possible. If Abdul Hamid had engineered the whole situation for his own glorification, it could not have been better done. It may well be represented to the patriotic but ill-informed Turk that what no foreign Power dared to do under the old régime, a vassal like Bulgaria has not hesitated to do under the new. If the Ottoman Government declines to fight, as it almost certainly will, for it must, it will lose authority in Turkey, and if it were to fight and be beaten its position would be worse. Kiamil Pasha and his colleagues' lot is hard.

But this is no reason why we should so exaggerate the enormity of the offences committed as to make a European Congress inevitable. This indeed would open up the gravest possibilities. We cannot quite make out whether our own Government approves of a Congress or not. Sir Edward Grey did not make it clear, perhaps wisely. If there is to be one, the British view apparently is that its scope is to be "strictly limited". But how can such an assembly be prevented from approaching every topic which was dealt with in the Treaty of Berlin when such a Congress would be ostensibly called together for the purpose of releasing one Great Power from obligations incurred under that Treaty? It would be quite possible to ratify the breaches of it committed by Bulgaria and Austria (which are only technical) by a simple meeting of Ambassadors at Constantinople, as was done in the case of Bulgaria when she absorbed Eastern Roumelia in 1885. This would not involve anything further except perhaps the invention of some pecuniary compensation for Turkey, for no territorial compensation is possible. But the calling of a Congress means the encouragement of demands all round. Already we hear of "compensation" to other Powers, who can get compensation from only one source, the dominions of Turkey. And we have some indication of what "compensation" means in the determination of Crete to join the Greek kingdom. As Turkey has to all intents and purposes been ejected from that island for some years, it is not easy to see why, if they wish it, the Cretans should not have been allowed long ago to join the Greek Kingdom. But this problem, and similar ones, were bound to arise again and again as the new state of things developed itself in Turkey, and we are not sure they are not less inconveniently raised now than later when Turkey will be, presumably, stronger. We remember that it was cynically remarked, we believe by Lord Beaconsfield, that he was "consolidating" the Ottoman Empire by cutting off certain outlying portions, but a process of shrinkage deliberately abetted by Europe will hardly strengthen the Reformers, for whom we are all professing so much sympathy. In short, a Congress certainly means demands for territorial increase or release from obligations imposed by the Berlin Treaty. Russia has apparently informed Austria already, and has intimated to us, that she is determined to raise the question of the Dardanelles. This may be extremely awkward for us, for if we support her we stand to lose all our recently acquired popularity with the Turks, while if we oppose we obviously risk our entente with Russia. But, apart from one or two considerations like this, which would only arise if a Congress met, our own position is extremely strong. We are not in the least injured by recent events, and our acquiescence is necessary before any real changes in Europe can be effected. Other Powers must show their hands before we do, and we want nothing. We shall be well advised to lose none of these advantages by grossly inflated language or hypocritical abuse of States that have always been our good friends. It is inconceivable that all our interest in the Near East has suddenly been transferred from the subject races to the Turks. The best way to prevent the possibility of putting our money on the wrong horse a second time is to keep it in our pocket.

THREE YEARS' WORK.

USUALLY when Parliament reassembles press and public show considerable interest in the legislative plans of the Government for the future; there are forecasts, more or less inspired, and muttered grumbings from interests afraid of interference. The ground is fairly well chosen, and both parties have to some extent worked out their plans. All this arises from the feeling that Parliament is well alive, managed by a Government conscious of its strength, with supporters keen in the belief that they have a mission to perform, and that some at least of the many promises made to constituents have been redeemed, and that other much-talked of schemes have still a chance of achieving statutory authority. To-day, as unwilling members of both Houses are about to reassemble for a sitting rendered necessary only by the hopeless mismanagement of the past, any such feeling is depressingly absent. On the contrary, there is very little interest evident, and most people declare, to whatever party they may belong, that all power for usefulness has disappeared from the present Parliament. The driving force of a majority unparalleled in recent parliamentary history, has disappeared, and before the close of the third year of life this "strongest Government of modern times" has reduced itself almost to impotence. Unionists will not easily forget the arrogant bearing of the Radical majority in its first session, its nauseous reiterations of the will of the people, and its ill-concealed irritation at the expression of any opinions not in keeping with its own heaven-sent wisdom. Something has happened; and just as a pricked bubble collapses, so all the courage has gone out of the Government majority. An occasional bye-election loss might easily be accounted for, as some reverses must occur, but a steady stream of crushing defeats is beyond the explanatory powers of even modern radical journalism. Recent Ministerial speeches betray disappointment and alarm; it has evidently been realised at last that if office is retained legislation is possible only with the consent of the Opposition, and that the alternative of an appeal to the people would be but political suicide. It cannot soothe the radical majority to know that the present impossible position of its leaders is mainly due to their own timidity and mismanagement. Small as is the Unionist minority in the House of Commons, there have been many shirkers; and well as certain eager young enthusiasts have opposed the whole Government strength, little impression has been made in Parliament itself. Trouble has not come from without; it is dry-rot within.

The troubles of the Government date from their first session, when the Speech from the Throne showed how little they realised the difficulties of the parliamentary machine. Every chapel had been a radical committee room, and the carefully organised work of the Nonconformist bodies proved an important factor in the victory. Hence education had first place, and it soon became apparent that the main object of the Government's supporters was, as they openly declared, to drive the parson from the schools, and eventually to bring about the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church. At once Churchmen closed their ranks, and in the fight had with them the Roman Catholics. The weight of numbers and the driving force of the General Election were too strong, and the Education Bill in all its brutal crudity was thrown late in the session at the heads of the Lords, who, were challenged to oppose the will of the people. After careful consideration and the exposure of some unreal Government offers of compromise, the Lords held their ground, and the Government dropped the Bill. Here was a direct challenge to the Government. They feared to take it up, and nothing but tall talk followed. The Nonconformists received a rude shock: the awakening of the passive resisters had begun. Had the Government dissolved at once there is little doubt that they would have come back with a majority probably diminished in size, but compact and disciplined. In the same session the faith of their high and dry individualist supporters was rudely shaken by an ignominious surrender to the Labour party over the Trades Disputes

Bill, and many a man who had looked on with indifference while the Church and her schools were threatened now became seriously upset by the bogey of socialism. Nor were those who had property to lose reassured by the cynical party jerry-mandering of the Plural Voting Bill. Then talk against the Lords grew in volume, and by the time Parliament met for its second session the country had been led to believe that the Government intended to press home the attack on the Lords, who, if they again rejected the chosen measures of the lower House, were to be swept away in the election storm that should surely follow. When Parliament had been sitting for many weeks the Government plan of dealing with the Lords was disclosed; ineffective and weak, it was practically still-born, and the country began at last to realise that the Government were afraid of the direct issue. From that moment their influence and popularity rapidly waned. This year, profiting not at all by past errors, the Government brought forth another plethoric programme of legislation. Every interest was to be bid for during the session. Mr. Asquith's advent was the one thing needed to rally his party, and though many Radical extremists disliked his views, he was believed by moderate men throughout the country to be strong, safe and able. Had he gone to the country, relying on the unpreparedness of the Unionist party to form a Government, and trusting in the great mass of moderate progressive opinion in the electorate, backed by the still waiting Nonconformists, he might have come back to power with a small but compact majority, capable of defying even the sectional interests of many of his supporters. Again a chance was missed, and the new Ministry set out on its career burdened by the unpopularity of its predecessor. The burden has steadily grown.

Naturally the most disappointed of all the Government supporters are the Nonconformists. Their energy and organisation did much to secure the victory of their party. Yet Church teachers still teach in schools supported by the rates, the martyrdom of passive resisters still goes on, and Ireland has a Roman Catholic University largely paid for by British money. True, another Education Bill is promised, but no one is deceived. Bitterly the Nonconformist stalwart at last realises that all his energy and all his work has been wasted.

Labour has done well. The Government is requited by openly expressed contempt, and, while Labour still remains independent, hundreds of moderate Liberal supporters have vanished. It is difficult to realise how completely the Government has placed its neck under the yoke of the Nationalists. Devolution, in reality a synonym for Home Rule, is no sooner rejected with contempt by the Irish party than tacit condonation is given to cattle-driving and similar outrages, in the hope, we presume, of an ultimate Irish attitude of sweet reasonableness.

But must not old-age pensions and the Territorial Army scheme be counted to the Government's credit? The history of the old-age pension scheme is all too clear. Thoroughly frightened by their bye-election disasters, and without even waiting for the report of the Poor Law Commission, the pension bribe was hurriedly thrown to the country. No scheme had been thought out, and no provision made for the expense involved. "We shall get the money from somewhere next year," airily observed Mr. Lloyd George, "and in the meantime after the Bill is passed I will go over to Germany and see how they do things there." But the constituencies refuse to be taken in. Mr. Asquith says he does not expect gratitude for old-age pensions. The bribe was never grateful to the briber. Why should he be?

Even the Territorial Army cannot come to the rescue. It is in esse certainly on paper; but there are fewer territorials than there were volunteers. And even here so great a concern had the Government for its sectional supporters that at the bidding of the anti-militarists military drill was cut out of the schools.

The financial position of the Government completes the story. Within the next few months old-age pensions, unemployment grants, and a largely increased outlay on the Navy have to be provided out of a

diminishing revenue. How is free trade going to save the situation? At any rate it has not prevented acute unemployment, dear food, and high rates. And next Budget will mean new taxes and more taxation.

THE CHURCH AMONG THE LOOMS.

THE Pan-Anglican Congress has been having a S. Luke's summer this week at Manchester, where the distaste for *crambe repetita*, for the hashed mutton and funeral bake-meats of conference, has not operated so much as was expected to deter the inveterate Congress-goer from attendance. "Congresses", said Lombroso once at Buda Pesth, "achieve little", and we have always maintained that the sole justification of these ecclesiastical Congresses, where the force that might have been used for action dissipates itself in talk, and where fluent formulæ take an annually new lease of life, is the education, or at least the stimulation, of the localities where they are held. On the hard and pushing commercialism of the North descends a great spiritual institution, bringing with it into the midst of the gloom of unemployment and strike and lock-out a voice from heaven. We are conscious that that is rather an ideal way of looking at the Manchester Church Congress. We are further aware that the Church has been adjured by the organs of public opinion to bring nothing of the kind, and has been lectured on the absurdity of discussing doctrine and worship when she ought to be interesting herself entirely in leadless glaze and cabmen's shelters, in arbitration and wages boards. It has been pointed out as proof of the advance made by the Church of England in the true wisdom that "social questions" found no place in the programme of the first Congress held at Manchester five-and-forty years ago. If the Church is to continue to exist, it must prove that it is "frankly democratic", must throw itself into the housing problem instead of preparing men for the heavenly mansions, and must say more about the cheap loaf than about the panis angelorum. We were the more surprised, then, on referring to an article in last Monday's "Daily Telegraph" on the subject of the Church Congress, to find that not very clerical journal arriving at the unfashionable conclusion that after all the most important question for the ordinary man is not what he shall eat or what he shall drink, or where-withal he shall be clothed, but the old elementary inquiry, What shall I do to be saved? We grant that the operative or capitalist, engrossed in the issues of a trade struggle for supremacy, is not likely to be much interested in the canon law, and in revision of the rubrics, or in the preparation of candidates for holy orders. Still it is good for all of us to have it forced sometimes on our unwilling attention that there is such a thing on earth as a kingdom which claims to be unearthly and which bids us turn from shadows to the things which are eternal. Has the Church lost its hold on the population? It will not regain it by losing its hold on the invisible.

Manchesterism—the Cottonopolitan ethos—has stood for an individualism which is now discredited and decaying. The gospel of competition, proclaimed as a beneficent law of Providence, turned out to be the struggle of vipers in a jar. The supersession of status by contract, supposed to be the keynote of Liberal civilisation, meant the abolition of kindly personal relations of duty and helpfulness—these were scoffed at as "patriarchal"—and the substitution of that nexus of cash payment whereby, as Carlyle phrased it, "I hand a man a number of metal pieces and shove him out of doors". That has gone by. We are all Christian Socialists now, except, by the bye, those Socialists, about five out of every six, who are not Christians. Nevertheless, Cobdenism and *laissez-faire* are still powerful in the Mecca of mercantility. To it comes the Church with a contrasted ideal, that of the organised and corporate life of a large and ordered fellowship. Yes, it is replied. But it is a society which squabbles over things like vestments, about which the shrewd and practical Lancashire mind cannot be expected to trouble itself. In "Tancred" one old

native of Jerusalem is found telling another that the ambition of England as a Christian nation is to clothe all mankind in Manchester cotton shirts. These, however, are not exactly the garments of salvation, and to have a vestiarian question of another kind introduced to his notice may be good for the most wide-awake Mancunian's mind. We are not cotton-spinners all. Manchester itself has had its poetry, its romance, its legends, depicted on the walls of its town hall, and the visit of the "ecclesiastically minded", so hospitably received, may have brought with it a whiff of old history, of the Non-jurors, of Prince Charlie, possibly of Sir Lancelot du Lac himself—a breath at least of idealism and spirituality. It is a foolish mistake to think that men only respond to that which descends to their level. Men ask rather to be lifted out of their daily round of sordid tasks and cares.

Lancashire and its energetic Bishop have been during the last quinquennium the backbone of the defence of definite religious education. The County Palatine is not over-fond of municipalised anything, but least of all fond of municipalised theology. If the Orange tradition is still stronger there than elsewhere, if its Protestantism is inclined to be hard and unimaginative, at least it refuses to put up with Christianity and water. The Church turns once more to the education battle less weakened by internal controversies than at any previous Congress. Even the Kentsites were not in evidence at the opening procession to the Cathedral, save for a few shouts of "Down with priests", "Remember Luther", and "Oh! for Oliver Cromwell"—whose effigy, by the bye, turned its back ostentatiously on the hierophants of prelatic Baal-worship. The impartial report on the Ornaments Rubric presented lately to the Upper House of Canterbury by its three learnedest members has made the recrudescence of ritual prosecutions and imprisonments henceforth impossible. If the Church but knew her own strength, she is practically free to go forward in any direction she thinks right. Parliament, it is true, blocks the way of self-legislation and formal autonomy, but new laws are by no means the immediate need of the Church of England, and probably twenty or thirty years must elapse before she will be ready to take in hand the revision of her formularies or the re-constitution of her ecclesiastical courts. On the other hand Parliament is absolutely powerless to force on Churchmen any course of action of which they disapprove. The relations of Church and State are perplexingly anomalous, and the Deceased Wife's Sister Act, though not claiming to do more than legitimate certain unions as a civil contract, has added to the inextricable confusion. Yet it has been made abundantly clear by recent events that the troubles and difficulties of the Church of England have nothing to do with "establishment" or "disestablishment", but proceed solely from the irresolution and divided counsels and strivings after an impossible "comprehensiveness" of the Church itself, and especially of its rulers. It is this that has hindered the Episcopate and the Convocations from presenting a bold and unambiguous front on the schools question, which has caused them to cut such a feeble figure over the invaded marriage law, and which is ever quenching the voice of authority and Divine commission. The authorities of the Church of England have not yet made up their mind whether she is part of Catholic and historic Christendom, or only one among a number of denominations. She is neither "the great Compromise" nor the "city of confusion." But, in the endeavour to be all things to all men, she is singularly in danger of being very little to any. What could be more out of touch with solid facts than the Plans of Comprehension recently mooted? Is an Anglo-Saxon confederation of religions to take the place of the unity of the universal Church? The idea is catching and admits of great developments. One daily paper suggests a cosmopolitan Church, which is to include not only all varieties of Christianity but all human cults and beliefs. There is to be inter-communion, we suppose, between the religion of the Cross and the Esoteric Buddhists or the head-hunters of Borneo. Why not, if we enlarge our ideas sufficiently?

AN AUSTRALIAN LEAD.

TO take up arms to defend one's country is the first duty of citizenship. This is a truism that might be dispensed with. Yet it cannot be. Witness the apathy and even antagonism towards so moderate and unambitious a scheme as that advocated by Lord Roberts and the National Service League. Whatever one's politics or whatever one's station in life, it is surely the equal interest of all to see the Empire strong. Yet all in this country do not think so. On the other hand, in Australia the Defence Bill which has recently been introduced by Mr. Ewing in the Australian House of Representatives appears to have the support of all parties alike, including Labour. This is a distinct advance on our way of regarding the subject. In Australia it is realised that it is the duty of every able-bodied citizen to qualify himself to fight for his country, and Mr. Ewing's Bill very properly recognises the pertinent fact that no man who fails to fulfil its requirements has any claim to consideration at the hands of the State. Thus defaulters are rendered ineligible for old-age pensions, and they are disqualified from voting or from obtaining any posts in the Commonwealth service. The Bill, too, we are told, has every chance of becoming law; which suggests the inference that public opinion as to national responsibilities is healthier in the Commonwealth than here.

On the great principle of recognising national duty, Mr. Ewing's Bill is at one with the National Service League's ideals, but the two plans differ in at least one respect. We have recently had it on Lord Roberts' authority that his league had no intention of advocating anything in the nature of compulsory training for the Navy. It is true that Lord Roberts also disclaims any intention of applying compulsion to the regular Army. But as Australia virtually possesses no regular military forces, we need not enter into that difference. We are told explicitly in Mr. Ewing's Bill that an increased period of training, as compared with the infantry, is demanded for the navy, the artillery, and the engineers. As yet we do not know how these distinctions are to be worked out. But in any case we are inclined to think that the matter would be somewhat difficult of adjustment. In the scheme for conscription we advocated several years ago, the provisions of which we worked out in some detail, we went beyond Lord Roberts in advocating that all those engaged bona fide in the seafaring profession should be exempt from military service, because the possession of seafaring men who know our coasts—mercantile marine and fishermen alike—was a very important national asset, and because we have never, in modern times at any rate, had any difficulty in recruiting for the Navy.

Mr. Ewing's Bill enjoins a period of training on all between the ages of twelve and twenty-six. From twelve to eighteen the training is to be done in cadet corps. Each year the cadet will be required to put in fifty-two attendances of one hour, as well as four whole days. At the age of eighteen he will join the defence force, for the first three years' service in which he will be required to serve for eighteen days; and for the last five years seven days. For the naval forces, the artillery and the engineers, the period of attendance for the first five years will be ten days longer. If members of the defence force do not become "efficient", they will be called upon to attend an additional training yearly until they do. The Bill contains some very excellent provisions as to employers who place difficulties in the way of employees performing their service. A penalty of £100 will be inflicted on all who prevent their men serving; or who either reduce their wages or dismiss them because of their military liabilities. Mr. Ewing laid down the excellent principle that, if the defence of the country was a national necessity, it was the duty of every man to participate in it, and it was the duty of the Government to see that he did so.

The moral of the whole business we might with advantage apply to ourselves. We are told that the reason why it is necessary to bring about the new order of things in Australia is that the voluntary system there has broken down. Can any impartial observer, outside Mr. Haldane's entourage and those who have something to gain from pandering to his Utopianism,

maintain that the same thing has not also occurred here; or that brilliant schemes or reshuffling of the cards can rectify matters unless we adopt compulsion? If anyone had doubts before on the subject, surely Mr. Haldane's appeal to the unemployed to join the special reserve must have dispelled them. British luck has been amazing except in the American War of Independence. Unlike Austria and Prussia, we never had Napoleon's undivided attention concentrated upon us. But such luck cannot last for ever. It must turn some day; and it would be well if we took some steps to put our house in order before it did turn. As a fact the voluntary system has never been a real success. It has always been enormously expensive; and, owing to the inducements it has been necessary to hold out in order to get men to join, questions of efficiency have often had to give way to questions of expediency. For long other nations besides ourselves objected to the existence of standing armies. But all had to give way in time; and just as we were the last to accept that unpalatable innovation, so now, amongst the great nations of Europe, we are the last to cling to the hopelessly discredited voluntary system, although of course we admit that the voluntary system must always be retained as regards that portion of our Army which has to serve abroad in *peace* time. It is probable that much of the repugnance felt here towards the introduction of a compulsory system is due to a misconception. The average man imagines that he would be called upon to "soldier"; and so have to leave his business or vocation to take care of itself for a while. We have often dwelt on this point; but we wish once again to assert that, were a scheme of compulsion introduced into this country to-morrow, not one single voter would be taken. In all conscript countries the conscribed age is twenty, and no one can exercise the franchise until he is twenty-one. Thus the people who by their votes and ideals influence the course of affairs to-day would take no personal part in the proceedings. It is only the rising generation who would do so. This important factor is specifically recognised in the Australian Bill, which sets forth that all those who reach the age of eighteen before it comes into operation will be exempt from its provisions.

THE CITY.

IT certainly is very hard on the Stock Exchange that after waiting all these years for a revival of business the Bulgarians and the Austrian Emperor should suddenly "upset the apple-cart." The merits of the Eastern question are not to be dealt with in the City article, except in so far as it affects the bourses. We do not believe that the present crisis in the Balkan peninsula will lead to war, even between Turkey and Bulgaria, nor if it did do we see how the traffics of American railways or the output of South African mines would be damaged. The United States would even gain by a European war, as would Great Britain, if we were not involved, because there would be a large demand for provisions and war material. But it is no use to reason about such a situation as has been created, because Frenchmen, Germans and Dutchmen, particularly the latter, speculate in Yankees and Kaffirs, and the very mention of the Eastern question frightens the Continental operator out of his wits. As usually happens, the market hesitated a good deal on Monday, when the news came out, before taking the downward plunge. Consols fell five-eighths, then recovered in the afternoon, and relapsed the next day, but on the whole have been wonderfully steady through the week. Even Turkish and Bulgarian stocks only fell two or three points, whilst the American market kept its head wonderfully. The market which showed the most weakness was the Kaffir circus. Modders fell more than £1, while a first-rate share like East Rand fell 10s., from 4½ to 4. Apex, too, shed 10s., dropping from 4 to 3½, whilst minor favourites like South African Gold Mines and Witwatersrand Townships dropped from £2 to £1 10s., a fall of 25 per cent. ! This proves that despite of all the talk about investment buying of South Africans, the bull account was largely speculative and in very weak hands. Antofagasta Deferred, not to be left behind, were marked

down from 141 to 134, for which a decline in last week's traffic return was some excuse, whilst Buenos Ayres and Pacifics and Rosarios, in spite of large increases of traffic receipts, fell a point each. Altogether, everybody is as sick as possible, except that enemy of the human race, the bear.

It is not yet known whether there will be a Conference of the European Powers or an interchange of Notes. What is pretty clear is that it will take some weeks, possibly months, before we know where we are; and that in the meantime the scaremongers in the press will have "a high old time". All the old phrases of panic, "grave situation", "war inevitable", "massing of troops", etc. etc., are no doubt being set up in the biggest type in all the newspaper offices. It is not exactly a bull market: though we cannot advise anyone to sell short, as the situation might change at any moment. But it looks as if the investor might once more be afforded a golden opportunity, between now and the New Year, of investing his money in Kaffirs at 12 per cent. interest.

We strongly advise nobody to buy Consols, however they may fall, not on account of the Eastern question, but because of the Irish Land Purchase Act of 1903. As we have more than once pointed out, the situation in regard to the purchase of Irish land is very serious. By the Act the loss on issue—i.e. the difference between par and the price of issue: we mean, of course, the annual difference, the loss of interest entailed by paying on £100 when you only receive £87—falls first on the Ireland Development Grant and then on the Guarantee Fund, which is really the local rate fund. The amount of Irish Land Stock issued since 1904 has been £33,201,444, at prices ranging from 92 to 84; the cash product (net) has been £29,324,297, the deficit being £3,877,147, involving an annual charge on the Ireland Development Grant of £113,000. It is calculated that a further issue of £16,000,000 at the average price of 88 would entirely exhaust the Irish Development Grant and leave nothing but the rates, recourse to which would be worse than the suspension of the Act. Agreements have already been entered into for the sale of £40,000,000 worth of land, and how are they to be completed? The Government must find a way out of the "impasse"; but the point is that Consols cannot possibly rise as long as this cloud of Irish Land Stock hangs upon the horizon. It is difficult to say why Irish Land Stock commands so low a price, unless it be a shrewd notion at the back of the average Briton's head that some day there will be trouble about the payment of the interest. Taking the price of Consols at 85½ (the interest being 2½) and the price of Irish Land Stock at 89 (the interest being 2½), the return on Consols is £2 18s. 5d. per cent. and on Irish Land Stock £3 2s. 6d., though the ultimate security is of course the same.

Newport (Mon.) Corporation are making an issue of £250,000 3½ per cent. Redeemable Stock at £96 per cent., for paying off loans and for public works. Newspaper shares have not been in favour for a long time past, and for a very good reason, but Mr. Bottomley is not deterred by the fact from inviting the public to provide the means for turning "John Bull" into a limited liability company. The capital is £150,000.

INSURANCE.

INDIRECT LOSS FROM FIRE.

THE ordinary fire insurance policy guarantees to pay the insured for the material damage done by fire; it does not undertake to pay the original value of the goods destroyed, but merely the value at the time the fire took place. The issue of "valued policies", which insure specified articles for specified sums, are not regarded favourably by people most experienced in fire insurance matters. They hold—in our opinion rightly—that the opportunities for dishonest claims, already great, are still further increased.

The Law Guarantee and Trust Society has recently sent us a prospectus for insurance against loss of profits due to fire. The method of ascertaining how much should be paid under a policy of this kind

appears to be simple, and not likely to lead to disputes: an accountant is nominated by the insured and the Society, and on his certificate the claim is paid. A fire may easily interfere with the conduct of a business, and by decreasing sales diminish the profits. The accountant compares the actual sales after the fire with the corresponding period of the previous year; he also settles the average rate of profit on the turn-over, and so arrives at the loss of profit; he has also to take into account the increase in the cost of working the business that was transacted; this is added to the loss of profits and gives the total amount of the claim.

When a fire interferes with the conduct of a business there is not only a smaller output, probably at an increased cost, but a number of standing charges have to be paid just as when the business is in full working order. There is interest on debentures or other borrowed capital, salaries to the permanent staff, rates, taxes, insurance premiums, the cost of advertising, and other items. In view of these facts, the need and the attractiveness of a policy insuring against loss from such causes is obvious. Insurance of this kind has not previously been obtainable from any well-established company of undoubted financial standing, and it is an important departure for the Law Guarantee to have made. This society is not generally known as a fire office, though we believe it is a member of the Tariff Association and does a considerable fire re-insurance business with other offices. It also undertakes fire insurance in connection with burglary policies, but does not transact ordinary fire insurance alone. We gather that the society does not propose to issue ordinary fire policies covering the direct material loss from fire, even to policyholders who insure on the new profits system. This system is worked in conjunction with the regular fire insurance companies, and before a profits policy can be issued a fire policy must be taken, and before a profits claim is paid the claim under the usual fire policy must be either settled or liability for it admitted.

How far profits insurance on these lines is practically advisable is a matter of opinion. Nobody doubts that such provision against indirect loss is a very great boon; a fire may easily cause the cessation of a business which would otherwise have been continued successfully. What many fire managers feel about the matter is, that if insurance provides that a fire involves no loss whatever, and may involve a gain, the chance of fraud is substantially increased. If, as appears to be the case under the profits policy, the profits of 1909 are to be made equivalent to the profits of 1908, and if the outlook shows that in the ordinary course of things this is unlikely to happen, there would be a great inducement to a man to hope that a fire might occur. The experiment will be watched with a great deal of interest, and we hope that it will be possible to introduce safeguards that will almost wholly prevent fraud, and will enable a system of insurance which is undoubtedly beneficial to be worked with success.

This aspect of the matter does not, however, affect to any great extent people who, recognising the risk of loss of profits, desire to protect themselves against it by means of insurance. The Law Guarantee is a Society that is quite certain to pay any claims that may arise, and should the business prove unsuccessful the loss, if any, will fall upon the shareholders, not the policyholders. The officials, however, have not entered upon this new branch of business without a good deal of experience to guide them, and it is to be hoped, and we think expected, that it will be profitable to the Society and at the same time a distinct benefit to the trading community.

THE MAYO "MIRACLE".

By "PAT".

FROM places so far apart as Dorset, Tipperary, and Ontario I get letters asking me to explain how I produced "the miracle" on my thirty acres of Mayo moor, now more productive than the best of Meath, worth six pounds an acre. Many have made journeys to expose me as a systematic liar, and many more regard "the little farm" as a literary invention, conceived

for a criticism on my countrymen. The "Freeman's Journal" stands alone in stoutly denying the existence of the farm while knowing all about it. As to the letters, I cannot reply to them. As to the visitors, let them all come. As to the "Freeman's Journal," it has to make a falling dividend from organised ignorance of the means to live. I have promised some honest inquirers to offer a brief account of the facts in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Let us first see what the place was when I came. More than half the area had been considered for ever unfit to till—now it is far the better half, the dormant fertility accumulated for ages having been set free. The other half was mostly under heather and kindred stuff, with some of the higher patches exhausted by ignorant and profitless cropping. It is just on the margin of the sedimentary system, mainly inorganic drift to begin, geologically nondescript, mingling igneous pebbles that suggest potash with limestone gravel suggesting phosphates, and three sorts of subsoil in a field of four acres, all clad in a peaty deposit, derived from atmospheric humidity rather than from the ground. The social environment was even more repellent than the physical, with all the vices of democracy and little or none of its virtues, everybody better than everybody else, and nobody of much use; but there were the landmarks of my childhood, where a line of my fathers had lived and loved and worked among the hills and the prehistoric bushes. To desert the last poor remnant of their inheritance would look like treachery. Such was the place, and such its melancholy mixture of attractions and repulsions, when I left the Strand to make war on the heather, an enterprise as wild to the shrewd as that of Thor when he ordered the bog to "go back" out of his way. It is well that some faculty above reason comes to our rescue in a crisis, and the man who does nothing without knowing exactly why can never do much.

My most precious plot is still pure heather, preserved as a proof of what was, and flourishing after seven years of drainage and plantations, which shows the need of something more. On all sides of this plot we have the highest conditions of fertility, not less beautiful in the contrasts of green and gold than the brown monotony and the barren toil of the past. A field of flowering clover, with its perfume and its honey, hedged by golden gorse, and further sweetened by the love-tune of the yellowhammer, puts idealism on a basis of normal utility which heightens its enjoyment by a sense of increased security, not to mention the beauty that is ever in work well done or the tonic zest from causes consciously directed to effect designs.

The taxable valuation of the whole is only six pounds, and a "fair rent" fixed in the Land Court would be about the same. I can sell more than a hundred pounds worth of cattle in the year, all raised on the spot; and other products, sold or consumed at home, are worth more than another hundred. The farming work for this is about enough for a man and a lad. I keep four labourers, but most of the work so far has gone to civilise the place.

The fact of most fundamental value is that an efficient peasant, on a holding worth only six pounds a year, in a congested district, can live at the rate of two hundred a year, with a horse and trap to drive, and a general standard of living which could not be enjoyed in London on five hundred a year. Thus I have solved the congestion problem, in the only way of its solution, by making use of the soil, and on a basis about fifty per cent. below the limit of an "economic holding" as estimated by the professional curers of congestion, including Lord McDonnell; and to this end I postulate nothing but practicable and easily acquired efficiency in the peasant holder, for which he must become a higher kind of citizen, in a higher kind of community, in addition to the material multiplication in the basis of his industrial existence. Double the net production of a farm, and it is as good as doubling the size of the farm. In my case the net production has been more than trebled, and after seven years I see I am still far below the maximum. Yet the factor of efficiency is almost wholly ignored by the professional curers of congestion, who, afraid to touch the education question, start from the assumption that inefficiency must remain fixed. They

spend the taxes on "ameliorative measures," mainly misapplied, even in violation of their statutory powers; but poverty on the soil remains inseparable from ignorance of its use, no matter who owns it, no matter who holds it, and no matter what size the farm. I find ten acres maintaining a large family well, and eighty acres maintaining a small family badly.

A Government official, employed for such purposes, has lately estimated my potato crop at more than fifteen tons to the statute acre, and at more than twelve tons on an area experimentally treated with artificial fertilisers only, on land worth only four shillings an acre. This yield is about three times the average among my neighbours on good land this year, and about seven times their average last year. My other crops are as successful as the potatoes, and my cost of production is never so much as half of theirs. Paying wages for everything, I must have the maximum results for the minimum expenditure; but the average peasant is in himself both employer and servant, keeping the results of his labour as low as his knowledge in it, and keeping his country poor in proportion. Ignorant in his work, he finds it quite impossible to get an adequate return for his own labour; how, then, could he hope to make a profit by employing the labour of others? He can but start from the basis of his fixed ignorance, and regulate his standard of living to the diminished result, trying to accommodate the disabilities by command of a larger area, which, when he gets it, is generally used to maintain the present standard of living on less effort rather than realise a higher standard on any terms. While the factor of efficiency remains unmentionable, with education a privileged traffic in vested interests, the curers of congestion must confine themselves to the method of extensive areas as against intensive efforts; and yet their average peasant remains incapable of facing the higher opportunities they create for him, because, in his inefficiency, he cannot meet the higher values in the land hitherto held by the grazing bullock. Hence the need for cattle driving, lowering the industrial efficiency of the bullock to that of the man. The better the cattle are bred, the more certain are they to hold the soil in free conditions as against peasants with no such advantage, and those who pay taxes to improve the cattle go hunting the cattle when they are improved, with grey-haired members of Parliament approving the wisdom of it. The Connaught peasant with his spade competes in the same market with the Canadian capitalist and his steam ploughs, but capitalising inefficiency means capital lost.

My most interesting result of all is an area mown twice a year with the finest clover hay, within eighteen months of the time it was all heather, and without tilling or "breaking up" a sod. The hay in one year pays for more than twice the whole cost, and the land is permanently reclaimed. It could not be ploughed by steam engines, and now it can be dug by a child, without a trace of the former herbage in it, wholly through the application of chemistry to the soil, and with results impossible to farmyard manure. In thus getting money from the land without work I thought I had made a discovery of some importance to a highly intelligent people, tending towards mental rather than physical activity; but my facts were promptly and successfully denied by the trusted guides of the people, keeping useless a demonstration which elsewhere would be in the nature of a national asset. If the people once knew what could be got from the soil, the better return to their work would be a certain antidote to their laziness; but in that case they might turn their attention from politics to industry, with disaster to the dominant cult of faith in falsehood.

When I told the Royal Commission on Congestion about this particular experiment, they stared at me with as much urbanity as is possible to staring; but when they visited me, and saw the thing with their own eyes, they admitted that I had rather underestimated it. Their admission, however, was conveyed individually and privately, each of them evidently afraid to let the others know that he had admitted facts so dangerous, brought about by a man even more dangerous than his facts. They were agreed, and could not help it, that what I showed them was the most hopeful and the

most far-reaching piece of evidence they had met; yet they issue their Report without a single reference to it. My results imply efficiency, and efficiency implies education for the peasantry, a subject far too dangerous for Royal Commissioners to touch. Mr. O'Kelly did not come to me with the other Commissioners—he was "a Mímbher o' Parliamint", and might lose his seat. Mr. Kavanagh did not come—he was to be made "a Mímbher o' Parliamint". Lord McDonnell did not come—he was then still trying to run the Liffey and the Tiber into one great stream of everlasting happiness for the Irish, in political extinction.

The reclamation without tillage is on a field of five acres, and runs by the heather reservation. Cutting the second crop last year, I was found on a mowing machine by Sir Horace Plunkett, Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. Henry Doran, of the Congested Districts Board. They all agreed that it was better than most single crops, and it was not much more than half the previous crop, cut about six weeks earlier. It was more free from weeds than tilled land. We all crossed the fence into the heather, and on a brown bank discussed "the miracle". The visitors will remember the day, and tell what they saw if necessary. Bishop O'Donnell, Sir Francis Mowatt, Sir John Colomb and Mr. John Bryce are also my witnesses—if I can say so publicly without danger to them. It is understood that the Devil assists me to do these things, on a contract to be executed on my side later; hence the need for Royal Commissions on Congestion to avoid mentioning the cure for congestion when they see it. My results are produced by chemistry, a most dangerous science, which, as scholars know, began with the alchemists, who were very dangerous people. In the same way the rain holds off when I am making a haystack, and comes down on the other people when I have finished. An alternative explanation would be that I made my haystacks when I found the day fine, but of what use are alternative explanations? On the whole, it is more interesting to have one's success and reputation based on superhuman forces, though it is unfair to the peasantry, who have not my means of making hay through the agencies of other worlds. Now that we have Mr. T. W. Russell at the head of the Agriculture Department, he might develop the "Intelligence Branch" in the direction of psychological research, and get some accommodating spook from the region between this world and the others to confer on the farmers generally the same mysterious advantages by which I can grow three times as much as they on the same acre, and at less than half their cost.

To acquire the chemical knowledge by which my "miracle" works does not need a quarter of the effort in writing this article, even assuming the student totally ignorant of chemistry to begin; and all that has made this wonderful reputation of mine as a "scientific agriculturist" can be mastered by an intelligent school-boy in less than a week—assuming, of course, that a subject so dangerous as chemistry is permitted in the school. Half an hour among my Economic Botany on the moor showed me humic acid as the prime hindrance to active fertility, and five minutes' reference to an elementary text-book on chemistry will tell anybody the elements by which acids are neutralised in combination, setting free nitrogenous fertility hitherto held dormant by the acids, with even physical effects on the soil to loosen its texture and lower its water-level for the increased play of oxidation and other natural agencies. Thus in the amusement of an hour, and on two mere ideas, both imperfectly understood by me, I become a more important person than a member of Parliament, which shows what a charming country to live in Ireland still is. This confession of my ignorance can by no means injure my reputation in a country where only wicked people mention chemistry, and the great body of good people dare not read about it. The Irish are always ready to allow a man a reputation so long as it is founded on false data, but when they find a man among them really deserving his reputation, they combine to destroy him, degrading their leaders in the present as they killed their kings in the past, and keeping Irish life a perpetual penance in melancholy relieved by murder.

Were it not for the overwhelming ignorance of the

world's greatest industry, a person like me, with his two ideas, could not be afflicted by letters asking his "expert" assistance in agriculture; and were it not for the ignorance of the experts, I do not see how it could have remained for me to establish the most instructive demonstration in Ireland, where I can now kick a paid "expert" out of every bush. It is more than three generations since the chemical function in the fertility of the soil was proved, and though the discoveries were found at once to be as profitable in practice as they were far-reaching in theory, the application of the knowledge, even among the most enlightened peoples, remains still empirical except to a few. I have told nearly all I know, and its chief interest is in my ignorance, showing how a little learning is a profitable thing in a pursuit in which ignorance is almost universal. A man undertaking to advise about land he has not seen would be even a completer quack than I, and I cannot attempt "instruction by correspondence", especially while many men knowing more than I on the matter are handsomely paid for such work as I am asked to do for nothing. To each of my correspondents, especially the Irish ones, I would say only this—Get two ideas into your head, and amuse yourself for an hour on their meaning, after which, if you do not make yourself immortal, you may at least excite the hostility and hatred of your neighbours for showing how to grow three blades of grass where none grew before.

The experiment in reclamation without "breaking up" was done by thirty shillings' worth to the statute acre of what they call "potassic superphosphate". This was applied among the heath in October. During winter I carted on a slight cover of earth, not for its fertility, but as rooting access to the hay seeds put in among the heath next May. In June the clover was peeping up among the heather. In July they were head to head. In August I mowed all off, a variety of crop unprecedented in Ireland. The fertilisers had so acted on the heather that the scythe ran through it readily, and now I was prepared for the real crops, which came out next year singularly pure and rich, leaving the land as if heather had never grown within a hundred miles of it. The whole cost is not more than £2 a statute acre, and within eighteen months I get over £10 worth of hay for it, not counting the mixture mown in the season of seeding. It means a net return of at least £8 for £2 in eighteen months, and the reclamation of the land, now fit for regular cropping, must be worth more than £8 in addition. There is prosperity for all Connaught in these results alone, but the people are kept carefully organised to drive from the country the kind of men who could show them how to do it. The governing assumption is that if land can be made productive, rent can be paid, which means losing £5 for a shilling, with slander and even theft encouraged by a "national policy" to keep the soil useless, the people ignorant, and the country destitute.

My first introduction to the economics of chemistry in the soil is due to Professor Somerville and the experiments he conducted about fifteen years ago in connexion with Durham University. I ought also to mention the great help of Mr. Alexander Dixon, of Messrs. Morgan Mooney, and Mr. George Ryce, of the Potash Syndicate, who not only made me a present of their knowledge, but also arranged a working credit for me in buying my fertilisers at a time when my character was even worse than it is now.

NATIONAL CHARACTER IN ART.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

NONE of the English papers, so far as I know, has recorded the lamentably sudden death, which took place in London last month, of Mr. E. F. Fenollosa. Though his name is very well known on the other side of the Atlantic, it is familiar in Europe but to a small circle of special students. Mr. Fenollosa had published little, but he was recognised as the first authority in the West on the art of China and Japan. It is chiefly to him that Boston owes its magnificent collection of Japanese paintings—a collection unsurpassed, it is said,

by any single collection in Japan. And the other great collection of Oriental art in America, that of Mr. Freer of Detroit, destined to become national property and to be housed in a museum at Washington, has been formed with the aid of Mr. Fenollosa's constant advice and suggestion. In the United States the loss of a man of his remarkable acquirements will be deeply felt and deplored. But in Europe too there will be many who will grieve to hear of the sudden cutting-off of a life devoted to a study which no other non-Oriental was so competent to understand, before the work which was to embody the results of long years of studious labour had been completed. Mr. Fenollosa has however left, I understand, in manuscript a great body of material for that comprehensive history of art in China, Corea and Japan, which was to be his magnum opus. I hope that this will prove to be sufficiently near its final form for publication.

More than twenty years ago, in a long and brilliant review of M. Gonse's "L'Art Japonais", Mr. Fenollosa wrote the first adequate survey of the development of Japanese art, in its true perspective and proportions, ever published in a European tongue. This essay was at the time nothing short of a revelation; for it was written by one who had not only studied under native teachers and seen for himself the masterpieces preserved in the temples and private collections of Japan, but who brought to the study an æsthetic perception trained by familiarity with the masterpieces of the art of Europe. We in England owe much to Dr. Anderson's labours in this field, but it must be admitted that his judgment was impaired by overmuch reliance on the academical standards of Western art. Mr. Fenollosa's writing was apt to indulge in exaggeration and rhetoric; but he gave a clue to the understanding of the ideas which inspired successive periods of production; he was never content merely to criticise from the outside. And this was a real service. The collectors of Europe had been enthusiastic over the art of eighteenth-century Japan; they had ignored the grander achievements in painting and sculpture of its earlier ages; and for the Western world at large Japanese art is still associated with toy-like prettiness and a spirit expressive of nothing more than the gaiety of children. That the race which produced these things should prove itself capable of heroic effort and colossal undertakings was to most of Europe a great surprise. Yet to those who had chanced to arrive at some understanding of Japan's real achievement in art, the sustained and serious production of many centuries, this was less a matter for astonishment. The exquisite lacquer, prints and ivories which fill the collections of Europe represent, in fact, the arts of a period when the canker of a long peace and an unnatural seclusion showed itself in a luxurious effeminacy of temper, strongly contrasting with the previous ages of perpetual struggle, warfare and response to ideas from without. In earlier times the male and martial spirit of the race had found expression in a host of dramatic painters and in sculptors of vehement power. And yet it must be added that the outlet for the heroic spirit of this race is often to be found where, from our point of view, we should least expect it. Periods of strenuous self-discipline delighted in slight sketches of landscape and birds in flight; and I fancy that the splendid pictures of battle and adventure were oftener the work of retrospective artists than of contemporaries.

Has it not been the same in Europe? I wonder what sort of impression the art of France, say, or of England would make on an observer from another hemisphere seeking to find in it a reflection of national character? The enormous hiatus caused by the Hundred Years' War and the Wars of the Roses makes it difficult to find any continuous clue. Our modern painting and sculpture has not grown normally out of the painting and sculpture of the Middle Ages, though both in England and France instinct has driven groups of artists to go back to those mediæval creators in quest of something which the Renaissance atmosphere had lost; they represent a new beginning in which a foreign element counts for much. Certainly it would be rather difficult to infer the historic character of the English race from English art. But then it may be that our art has but begun: new masters, new events, may give

it a fresh turn, a different direction; who knows? So far we have been dominated by the fact that our eighteenth-century classics were born of a time which idolised grace, elegance, leisure, an age of prose, too, which lacked creative ardour and dissuaded from enthusiasm. Had the growth of art in England been normal and continuous, without the shattering convulsions of outward events, we might have had earlier masters and severer models.

When we compare modern French painting with English, as we have all too imperfect means of doing in the Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, it is easy, I think, to distinguish a difference of intellectual temper. What strikes one as absent from the English painters is the nervous edge of line, a character of expression pressed to a firm conclusion, which marks men like Ingres or Daumier. Even the strained intensity of Pre-Raphaelite drawing witnesses to a kind of timidity forcing itself to extremities. The English temper is by nature sensitive in its contact with reality, and gains no doubt compensating qualities of its own in art by virtue of the spirit which in practical affairs makes for genial compromise rather than for logical rigidity of purpose. But, after all, the expression of intellectual temper is hardly the same as the expression of what I have called historic character, the fundamental springs of energy by which a nation leaves its mark on history. Of this surely much, and perhaps the greater part, has still to find expression at the hands of English painters and sculptors.

I wrote a few months ago of a picture by Géricault, exhibited this summer at Messrs. Obach's, and expressed the hope that it might be acquired for the National Gallery. There was a picture which, over and above its qualities of pictorial design, concentrated and expressed in itself a whole era of France, one of the great eras of the modern world, the storm and fire of the France of Napoleon. If the money demanded for the new Hals makes purchase impossible, cannot some lover of French art still be found to present the nation with this work, which would so finely fill one of the most glaring gaps in the collection?

TAME ANIMALS AND MUSIC: AN INQUIRY.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

TO question the authority of Shakespeare on any matter whatsoever has required some audacity since sundry gentlemen accompanied by their ladies discovered that he is dead and set about devising a monument to his memory. However, the bones of the newly discovered hero, regardless of the threat in his epitaph, were moved to Westminster Abbey by a ha'penny morning paper for the purpose of laying Sir Henry Irving's remains near them; and encouraged by such temerity, let us ask—but in all humility—if Shakespeare was quite correct in his description of the effect of music on animals. Let us consider one passage:

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music."

Is this indeed so?

Indeed it is not so. Shakespeare drew this from imagination, not from memory's store of observed facts. Lorenzo on that moonlight night described things as his mood would have them be, not as they are. Not even as they were in Shakespeare's time, unless we are prepared to accept the theory that just as in the period between him and Orpheus trees and the mountain tops that freeze had given up following itinerant fiddlers, so since his time youthful and unhandled colts and other animals have ceased to make mutual stands and to turn their savage eyes to modest gazes under the sweet power of music. We cannot assume this: it is bad natural history and worse evolutionary history—Darwin

would have scornfully rejected it, and so, in all probability would Spencer and Owen. It is a sad truth that nowadays the effects of music are not soothing. The beanfeaster's cornet may petrify human beings to a mutual stand for a moment, but it makes cab-horses bolt. Most dogs howl when the sweet power of music is tried on them; most cats twitch their ears nervously and run home; even well-bred parrots will mutter unintelligible but doubtless terrible maledictions. Shakespeare loved music with a devouring love and ruthlessly sacrificed innocent plain facts to justify his passion. See how fiercely he condemned "the man that hath no music in himself". Yet, with the exception of Shakespeare himself, Milton and Browning, the poets resembled Charles Lamb in that they had "no ear". Carlyle had no ear, and tried a thousand times to make Shakespeare's utterance carry another meaning than its obvious one. But Shakespeare was wrong about men, just as he was wrong about animals. Men, said Sancho Panza, are as God made them and often a good deal worse; and they may look after themselves. Animals remain as God made them and are comparatively helpless. May not we, misled by Shakespeare, wrong them in expecting from them that which it is not in their nature to give?

Opportunities of studying animals in a wild state are scarce. Mr. Selous prefers a rifle to a concertina for persuading his big game to make a mutual stand. Mr. Roosevelt's lions, in these days, wear trousers or petticoats, and are trapped in his drawing-room or at his dinner-table; and that amazing personage Mr. Garnier was much too busy writing books to observe the effect of a piano on those apes of which we have all heard so much more talk than he ever did. As for tame animals, careful studies have still to be made. Novelists use cats and dogs chiefly for decorative purposes. A cat meanders through some chapters of "Daniel Deronda", but it is not a cat of high intelligence; and Dickens makes no reference to the musical proclivities of either Bill Sykes' dog or Hugh's—even Grip the raven is not alleged to have done any singing. Playwrights touch neither dogs nor cats. Excepting under the eye of a severe trainer they cannot be relied on. The dog that played the piano ran away when someone shouted "rats", and the piano proved to be a mechanical one. We have heard of a play written round a poodle, but who has seen it? Mr. Shaw ought to study animals and do something in that line, if he is not occupied in dramatising the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid—(Euclid, by the way, is too much neglected by dramatists).

The tales commonly recounted of the feats of animals cannot be trusted as evidence. For the purpose of amusing (or boring) our friends, or for profit, we may accept and retail any story; but in making a scientific investigation like the present, when the reputation of a Shakespeare is in the balance, we must weigh all we hear and cannot be too careful. When to the sessions of sweet silent thought Shakespeare summoned up remembrance of things past, he ought with microscopic pains to have gone over some of the colt stories he had heard. He would then have been less eloquent about modest gazes and mutual stands; we should have lost some fair poetry and found fewer untruths in the poetry. I have kept and nurtured many pets, but nothing startling in the musical way came of them. There was, for example, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. This cat was given to me by a thorough musician, and every care was bestowed on his education. He had ample opportunities of hearing fine music of every description in my own household. With such a name and such chances, surely if ever cat should have developed extraordinary musical powers this was the cat. But, incredible though it will seem to those who blindly follow Shakespeare, he had no more taste or judgment than a musical critic. He never learnt to distinguish between "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" and a Bach fugue. The majority of critics can do that, though their writings do not often lead one to think so. Felix liked to sit on the piano and see the hammers flying; but he had no regard for the instrument as a musical instrument at all, and was wont to drop meat, cheese, fish, and dead mice into it. When Mr. Balling got out his viola-alta he watched the tip of

the bow and afterwards examined it curiously, and tried to make it squeak by tapping it with his paw. Of the fiddle he took no notice; he evidently thought the sounds came from the bow—which was a poor conclusion for a cat whose education had cost such pains. Then there was Mopsy. Undoubtedly he liked the vibrations caused by the piano; but he discerned no difference between a mellifluous third and a harsh minor-ninth; in fact he was not ill-pleased if one sat on the keyboard. Dixie, an Irish terrier, lifted up his head, stretched his throat, and emitted an agonising note; and this we called his singing. He was given bits of sugar to do it to a piano accompaniment; but though the thing had become a habit with him I am certain it had its origin with the commotion in his inside produced by music. This is true, I believe, of all dogs that persist in joining in with the strains of a band: their case is the reverse of the case of S. Gregory, who always had pains in his inside excepting while Mass was being sung. A rabbit I had used to run up and down the keyboard, and he ate a great quantity of sheet music; but he had no music in his soul however much there might be at times in his stomach.

These are my experiences. As for other credible tales, even the most interesting only show that music is, for all animals, a kind of noise, and that in certain cases they associate noises with ideas. The war-horse and the trumpet is a familiar instance; and I heard the other day of a horse who had been in the South African war: he turned and fled when a pistol was let off. There seems little hope that animals will develop within the next million years—wild animals because they hear no music and domestic ones because of the music they hear. On that something might be said, only my subject is Tame Animals and Music, not Animals and Domestic Music. I don't know whether Young Ladies home from school ought to be classed as Domestic Animals. Certainly they are becoming more and more undomesticated, and certainly are as little sensitive to fine music as any cat or dog. But consider the music whose sweet power the majority of them are subjected to. I would rather hear the pianola than a piano maltreated by an ill-taught girl; but pianolas, pianos, and indeed all decent instruments seem in course of being driven out by that abomination the gramophone. This is not an invention of the Evil One—he would have made it more sweetly seductive. It is the very product of that stupidity against which the gods are powerless. Go through the streets of Suburbia and listen: the noises proceeding from family sitting-rooms proclaim loudly the news of tastes depraved, of harmless men being driven frantically to drink, of wrecked homes, gaol and suicide. Under the sweet power of such music human beings rapidly sink lower, musically, than cats or dogs—they even sometimes learn to like such noises, which cats and dogs never do. A man who will buy a gramophone and take it home will poison his innocent children; a man who will insist on his invited guest listening to the infernal invention will shoot the guest in the back.

FROM GOETHE

Über allen Gipfeln.

O'er all yon upland
Spreadeth peace.
Scarce tree-bough stirreth,
Murmurs cease.
The woodbirds low-wards
Flit along,
To muteness hushing
Dulcet song.

Peace wingeth near?
Ah, watch!
Soon will she light her here.

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

MISS ELLEN TERRY'S BOOK.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

ONCE I went behind the scenes of the Lyceum after the first night of some play. (Reassure yourself, there was nothing indecorous in my going: I was not yet a dramatic critic.) Somewhere in the middle of the stage, but quite invisible and inaccessible by reason of the dense crowd of friends around him, stood Henry Irving. Everybody seemed to be standing on tip-toe, peering bright-eyed over heads, and everybody was talking at the top of his or her voice, and everybody's theme was composed of "Henry" and "Ellen" in about equal proportions. They all knew one another; and all, diverse though they were, were united in the bond of their hero-worship and heroine-worship. The crowd grew and grew, and though, according to Mr. Walter Pollock, Irving was always extraordinarily careful about every detail of his great hospitality, and foresaw every smallest requirement, there were no policemen to regulate us. Presently, having abandoned all hope of setting eyes on my host, I was consoled by a vision of Miss Terry. Accompanied by three or four of the ardent and picturesque young ladies who attach themselves to the suite of any very eminent actress, she was making her way down the narrow and crazy-looking wooden staircase that led from the dressing-rooms to the stage. Half-way, she paused suddenly and clasped her hands up in front of her as she gazed down at the sea of bobbing heads. The gesture betokened a mingling of rapture and fear—the emotion of a wood-nymph about to take her first plunge in the sea. Nor was it merely my sense of beauty that was stirred: the sense of history was stirred, too, in me, and I thought of the many, many other occasions on which Miss Terry must have descended this staircase, to mingle with this adoring throng. Endlessly they unfurled themselves to me—the first nights, the hundredth nights, the last nights, on which she had beheld this sparkling sea outspread beneath her. And I wondered what, at this moment, was passing through her bonny brain. Was the whole thing as fresh as ever to her? Did she really, as her mien indicated, feel herself half-allured, half-terrified, by the prospect of a plunge into waters unknown? Or had she, after all these years, become habituated, as to the morning bath?

I think she felt just what she displayed. Of course, to any actor or actress, who has experience, emotion becomes a habit; and a display of emotion by him or her is apt to be less significant than such display by us who are not called on to be emotional for our livelihood. But the emotion, though it be not fundamental, and be out of all proportion to its cause, and leave no trace when it is past, is not necessarily to be scouted as unfelt. Miss Terry, as her book* shows, has a great power of detachment; and, had she not been born an actress, would have been—indeed, is, even so—a very good dramatic critic, and a very good critic of life. But it does not follow that her emotions, on or off the stage, are not all of them, at the moment of experience, perfectly genuine to her. And, actress though she is, it is clear from her book that she has more capacity for what I have called fundamental emotion than half-a-dozen ordinary women rolled into one. She is a woman—a very extraordinary woman—first, and an actress afterwards. I do not say she is not a born actress; merely that the born woman in her preponderates. This is not an original criticism of her. She makes it herself, more than once, in the course of her book. And throughout the book it is her insatiable love of life, rather than of the stage, that shines forth for us. When first she crossed the Atlantic, "the ship was laden with pig-iron, and she rolled and rolled and rolled. She could never roll too much for me! I have always been a splendid sailor, and I feel jolly at sea." One can well imagine that. But her jollity on land is quite enough to go on with. And there is in her retrospect a curious absence of that sadness which ordinary people feel when they think of what is past. Cares and sorrows she has had, but she looks back on them with the

* "The Story of My Life." By Ellen Terry. London: Hutchinson.

clear brow of one who was very well able to bear them. And her joys she records with the gusto that is possible only to a person who is just as joyous as ever. "I am afraid", she says—and this seems to be the only thing she is afraid of—"that I think as little of the future as I do of the past. The present for me!" Those last four words are a perfect summing-up of her nature, and might serve as a motto for all optimists. But it is by very reason of the delight she has always had in the passing moment that she writes so well about her past. It is because she saw things and felt things so vividly at the time that she can now make us partakers of her vision and emotion. Her emotional faculty has, as I suggested, been developed by the practice of her art; and just so must her visual faculty have been developed by communion with the painters and sculptors who clustered about her from the outset, seeking and finding inspiration, and giving such inspiration as they could in return. Her descriptions of people's appearances are always delightful—consisting usually of some image funnily far-fetched yet scrupulously exact. Of Mme. Bernhardt she says "transparent as an azalea, only more so; like a cloud, only not so thick. Smoke from a burning paper describes her more nearly", and of another well-known lady "she reminded me, as always, of the reflection of something in water on a misty day", and of Irving in his last phase "he looked like some beautiful grey tree that I have seen in Savannah". Of Irving when she first knew him she says "there was a touch of exaggeration in his appearance—a dash of Werther, with a few flourishes of Jingle", and of William Terriss "sometimes he reminded me of a butcher-boy flashing past, whistling, on the high seat of his cart, or of Phaëton driving the chariot of the sun—pretty much the same thing, I imagine". The precision of these harlequin-leaps is positively Meredithian. And you can see that Miss Terry has been at pains here to give the exact literary express to her thought. It is only rarely that she writes in that clean-cut manner. Her writing is for the most part frankly the writing of an amateur. But when an amateur happens, like Miss Terry, to be a born writer, the result is always charming, and one may well be thankful for the lack of professionalism. The average professional writer knows and cannot forget the easiest recipes for expressing this or that, and therefore expresses this or that exactly like all the other average professionals, and therefore expresses nothing of himself. Style is the expression of self. Every (gifted) beginner has style, and it is very rarely that when he has mastered the technique of writing his style comes out unscathed. Yet it is only after technique has been mastered that style can become beautiful in itself. Miss Terry might perhaps, if she gave her mind to it, become a really beautiful writer. The chances are that she would but lose that quality of freshness and life which makes her writing so adorable now.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTRIA'S PERFIDY AND THE "REVELATIONS" OF THE "TIMES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 8 October 1908.

SIR,—Supposing that the London correspondent of the "Temps" wrote to his newspaper on 6 October in the following strain, "I have received information from a trustworthy source", and then proceeded to tell an interesting tale about an agreement between Austria and Turkey at the Berlin Congress. Supposing he then quoted textually the agreement made between them and said "I believe this is now published for the first time", and subsequently "it is not through any official channel that a copy of the document has come into my hands". Supposing that his newspaper quoted this document again on the following day calling it "the secret Austrian engagement published for the first time in the 'Temps' of yesterday".

But supposing again that part of the story had been told and the agreement textually set forth in the first article in the "Fortnightly Review" published six days before, an article written by an ex-Foreign Minister

and read presumably by many people before this correspondent sent his despatch, everyone would assume that the correspondent and his foreign editor at home were very simple folk or thought the rest of the world unduly so.

Yet this is exactly what has happened in the case of the "Times" and its Paris correspondent: on 6 October he writes in the above strain to his newspaper and sends the text of this portentous agreement on which the "Times" plumes itself in the above-quoted fashion. As a matter of fact the whole agreement had appeared textually in an article by M. Hanotaux in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for 1 October, and had been read in this country two days before the "Times" published its wonderful discovery made in Paris! I may refer your readers to page 497 of the current number of the "Revue", where the text of the agreement appears in a note.

This may be a "scoop", but hardly in the style of Blowitz! A careful study of M. Hanotaux' article and the preceding one in the number of the "Revue" for 15 September will show that our own proceedings at the Berlin Congress were not such as to justify our expecting excessive chivalry from other Powers.

Your obedient servant, NEAR EAST.

THE STATE OF ITALY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 October 1908.

SIR,—Things in Italy are progressing rapidly towards trouble, especially in Rome, where, under the anticlerical rule of Mr. Ernest Nathan, every sort of insult to religion is not only tolerated but encouraged by the authorities, much, I may say, to the disgust of the vast majority of the population. This year the 20th September passed off very tamely, but at the same time the walls of Rome, particularly in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, were posted over with very disgusting life-sized caricatures of the Pope, one of which—an enlarged version of a picture originally printed in the "Asino"—represented his Holiness in the costume of a café-chantant ballet-girl wearing red short skirts, tights, and white shoes, and the Papal tiara as a sort of cap, adorned with red ribbons! Notwithstanding, however, the socialistic municipality's endeavours to "make things hum" on the anniversary of the memorable day when the Italian troops entered Rome, the population took little or no part this year in the commemoration, and a petition, signed by over 100,000 fathers of families, was recently sent to the Government as a protest against Mr. Nathan and his colleagues' decree to de-Christianise the public schools as soon as possible. To avenge themselves upon the Catholic population of Rome this extraordinary Municipal Council has now induced the Minister of Public Worship to allow them to use the façades of churches for the display of advertisements, renting each church front from the said Minister at a nominal sum of three francs a year! This will enable them to cover the fronts of the churches, many of them conspicuous monuments of exceeding architectural beauty, with the usual vulgar and even obscene and blasphemous posters which at present disgrace Italy. Thus we may expect soon to behold the glorious façade of Santa Maria Maggiore blazing with life-size posters representing naked nymphs and dancing Popes advertising quack medicines and blasphemous anti-clerical publications! Against this measure there is at present very strong opposition, but whether it will prevail in the end remains to be seen. None the less, this fact should be made known to the art-loving world beyond Rome as an example of the rapid degradation to which the erstwhile capital of Christendom is exposed under the administration of those who are for ever preaching liberty and virtues which, they declare, can only be realised by the destruction of the religion of which Christ was the founder. The leading Liberal paper—the "Corriere della Sera"—commenting recently on the disgraceful posters plastered on the walls of every Italian city and, more frequently than not, on monuments of artistic importance, and also on the appalling illustrated novels and papers which are exhibited in the windows of newspaper kiosks throughout the peninsula,

concludes a scathing article with the following terrible words: "To such a pass have we fallen in Italy at the present time that one is apt to believe, and with some reason, that instead of the great and illuminating Italy which everybody hoped would rise from the chaos which was the natural result of the revolution through which we have passed, another Italy has been substituted which we can only liken to a Messalina bent upon corrupting and ruining her own offspring."

Yours truly, A TRAVELLER.

LORD WEMYSS' PROPOSAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 Middle Temple Lane, Temple, E.C.

6 October 1908.

SIR,—I strongly approve of your action in again drawing attention to a matter of the greatest moment and importance to the fortunes of the Unionist party, and by condemning the suggestion of Lord Wemyss that there should be a judicial commission on the question of tariff reform, just at the very moment too when bye-election after bye-election is demonstrating the patent fact that tariff reform is urgently demanded by the country. I urge you to do all in your power to prevent such a catastrophe. Lord Wemyss says: "Let, then, Mr. Balfour give an assurance to the Unionist party, that if returned to power, no action will be taken as regards tariff reform, until this vital question has been 'fought out and searched out' by a small judicial expert Commission". I trust that our great leader will pay no heed to this astounding, antediluvian, and preposterous suggestion, which involves the abandonment of the question of tariff reform at the General Election. It is a pity that Lord Wemyss does not address his mind to questions which he understands. There is no one in the forefront of the party at the present time who has not stated that that will be the main issue at the General Election, and to delay its adoption, or to impede its progress, at the present juncture when the country is clamouring for it, is not only to go in the teeth of the wishes of the constituencies but to court disaster for the party at the General Election. It is only the other day that Mr. Chamberlain, in writing in a provincial newspaper, said: "I am sure that our one-sided free trade has much to answer for at the present time. I am, therefore, greatly encouraged by the change that has taken place since my enforced retirement, for a time at least, from active public affairs, and I do not doubt that the only remedy for the present state of things is to be found in our policy of tariff reform". Surely Mr. Chamberlain, who is the great apostle and brilliant advocate of tariff reform, is a better judge of the necessity of its immediate adoption than Lord Wemyss, who is in favour of procrastination, obviously timid, and who is evidently not abreast of the times. When Mr. Chamberlain delivered his brilliant and famous speeches in the great commercial provincial cities on tariff reform, exactly five years ago to-day at Glasgow, were his proposals not received with the greatest and most unbounded enthusiasm, and was not his tour one long triumphal march? And is it not the case that that great commercial centre of the world, the City of London, almost to a man is in favour of tariff reform? To appoint a commission on the subject is suggestive of doubt as regards its expediency; and what justification can possibly be found for that? I think the advice of a correspondent in a daily newspaper is singularly appropriate at the present time. He says: "I cannot too strongly impress upon Conservative and Unionist associations and committees in the constituencies the profound necessity of selecting candidates only who are courageous and sound Tariff Reformers, and that if we do not, the future of the Unionist party itself will be hopelessly wrecked". With that I am in total and absolute agreement; any other candidates are useless and valueless to the party, and I think that the slightest delay or hesitancy on the part of the Unionist party on the question of tariff reform at the present time, when brilliant victories are being won at innumerable bye-elections, practically on that issue, is subversive of its interests, and dangerous to its future and its welfare.

I am yours faithfully, G. ADDISON SMITH.

THE IRISH LAND MUDDLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin, 28 September 1908.

SIR,—It is a pity that your contributor "Pat" did not confine himself to the subject of "butter" with which he commenced his article instead of venturing into a discussion on Irish land finance. He may know something of one but he clearly is quite ignorant on the other subject. Almost every statement he makes is inaccurate or misleading. To quote one or two. He says: "Where an Irish landlord sells £100 worth of land, at the newly invented rate, the Government gives him a document with £100 printed as its face value; but when he offers this for cash he can get only £89 for it." This statement is ludicrously inaccurate—in fact it is absolutely the reverse of the fact. The State pays the landlord in cash and gives £100 in money for every £100 due. Again "Pat" writes of the Development Grant as an "existing Irish surplus". What "Pat" thinks to be the meaning of the word "surplus" I do not know, but it clearly is not the ordinary dictionary meaning. Then he says: "As the imperial funds go at present, the rate of interest on Irish Land Stock ought to put the market price over par instead of being at 89." "Pat" seems to have as great a contempt for the rules of arithmetic as for the definitions of a dictionary, for, applying the Rule of Three, Irish Land stock should—as imperial funds go at present—stand at 94, not "over par".

It is, however, impossible to follow out "Pat's" statements without taking up more of your valuable space than the subject would warrant. I think that it is a pity that he should be allowed to use your columns for the purpose of decrying the security for Irish Land Stock—if the observations of one so evidently unacquainted with the rudiments of the subject could have that effect—but it may be observed that, inaccurate as Irish writers often are when dealing with Irish political subjects, it is seldom that one finds ignorance in so dogmatic a dress.

I am, Sir, &c.

G. H. B.

AFTER THE BOOK WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 October 1908.

SIR,—In your article on "The End of the Book War" you say you do not profess to know anything of the negotiations, or alleged negotiations, which led up to the surrender of the "Times". Those "negotiations or alleged negotiations" will some day form a very interesting chapter in the history of publishing. There are all sorts of rumours in the air, but on the whole the secret has been well kept. It was no doubt engineered, as you suggest, by Carmelite House in the interests of Printing House Square.

Now that the war is over, the "Times" and the publishers have fallen on each other's necks in a way that is quite touching. But are you quite right in saying that the "Times" has "completely surrendered"? It seems to me very much a case of stooping to conquer. The first thing the beaten "Times" does is to secure the right to issue "The Letters of Queen Victoria" in conjunction with Mr. Murray, the triumphant plaintiff in the action which arose out of the "Times" objection to the price of those Letters, at a figure below that at which it said they might have been published originally.

How does it happen that Mr. Murray is a consenting party to this? How comes it that what appeared impossible from the evidence supplied by the trial is now to be done? Is the book to be published at something under cost price by royal command? Whatever the secret may be, the "Times" cannot be said to have been wholly beaten when the first result of its "surrender" is its triumph on the main issue of its quarrel with the publishers as to the price at which a book may be produced. It is not perhaps strange that the mere man in the street is somewhat puzzled at the course events have taken.

Yours faithfully,

PERPLEXED.

REVIEWS.

THE TWO FLETCHERS.

"Giles and Phineas Fletcher: Poetical Works." Vol. I.
 Edited by F. S. Boas. Cambridge: At the University
 Press. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.

HARD-HEARTED examiners have a habit of asking their victims to "estimate the place of So-and-so in the history of Such-and-such literature", a task usually as hopeless as those allotted to Sisyphus or Tereus. In the Elizabethan period, for example, it is easy enough to place Shakespeare, Bacon, and Spenser in the first class without much fear of contradiction; but whether any other names, and which, if any, should stand with them there, are questions open to so much difference of opinion that they can never be satisfactorily answered. And as for classifying the hundreds of others who admittedly belong to the lower ranks, any such attempt must surely end in chaos and confusion. The brothers Giles and Phineas Fletcher are among these, and no pretence will be made here of "placing" them. We leave that to persons of a statistical and controversial turn of mind, like those who find their innocent amusement in writing letters to the sporting papers suggesting names for a team of cricketers to represent England in an imaginary match with Australia.

Giles Fletcher the elder, the author of "Licia", a collection of sonnets, sent his son Phineas to Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and Giles to Trinity, perhaps by way of Westminster. Each became a fellow of his college. While they were in residence, Queen Elizabeth died, and members of the University compiled and had published to commemorate the occasion a sort of magazine entitled "Sorrowes Joy; or, a Lamentation for our late deceased soveraigne Elizabeth, with a triumph for the prosperous succession of our gracious King, James". Those of our readers who were at Cambridge in 1901 will remember a similar publication upon the death of Queen Victoria, a special number of the "Granta", whose editor for once divested himself of his motley, and following the example set nearly three hundred years before gave undergraduate poets the opportunity of presenting to the world in print their inspired verses upon the fine theme of "The Queen is dead! Long live the King!" The two Fletchers both contributed to "Sorrowes Joy", and their poems augured well for their future work. Phineas not unnaturally, for he was twenty-one at the time and Giles only eighteen, produced a more carefully constructed and better finished exercise than his brother, but Giles showed a pretty talent for graceful and picturesque expression:

"Tell me, ye velvet-headed violets
 That fringe the crooked bank with gawdie blewe,
 So let with comely grace your prettie frets
 Be spread, so let a thousand zephyrs sue
 To kiss your willing heads, that seeme t'eschew
 Their wanton touch with maiden modestie,
 So let the silver dewe but lightly lie
 Like little watrie worlds within your azure skie"—

and so forth. It may be too fanciful, artificial, affected, perhaps, but surely it does not deserve the severe epithet "frigid" which Mr. Sidney Lee has applied to it. Both brothers had learnt already to admire Spenser, their father's contemporary, perhaps friend, at Cambridge. In these early poems and in all that they subsequently wrote his influence is plain to see. Giles' most notable work, for instance, "Christ's Victorie and Triumph", is from beginning to end strongly reminiscent of the "Faërie Queene"; there is the same allegorical method, the same rich imagery, the same easy well-balanced flow of words: the same, yet somehow different; single lines and even stanzas we feel might well have been written by Spenser himself, but reading the whole poem we see that it flatters him too sincerely, and tends to exaggerate all the Spenserian characteristics. If we had not the "Faërie Queene" to compare it with, it would be easier to appreciate the high standard of excellence which is maintained almost continuously throughout the poem. This

stanza taken at random from the description of Justice is typical of the whole:

"She was a Virgin of austere regard,
 Not as the world esteemes her, deafe, and blind,
 But as the Eagle, that hath oft compar'd
 Her eye with heav'ns, so, and more brightly shined
 Her lamping sight: for she the same could winde
 Into the solid heart, and with her eares,
 The silence of the thought loude speaking heares
 And in one hand a paire of even scoals she weares."

When it is remembered that this was the work of a man about twenty-four years old, there is some ground for thinking that, had he continued to write poetry, he might have found a place among the immortals of the Elizabethan era. But apart from two elegies, in English and Latin, on the death of Henry Prince of Wales in 1612 and a few other verses of small consequence, there is no other work of Giles Fletcher extant. He early retired into the obscurity of a small country living, Alderton in Suffolk, and either wrote no more or what he wrote is lost. He died in 1623.

Phineas was more versatile and more prolific than Giles. We do not know what caused the latter's early death, but the more marked delicacy and gentleness of his poetry perhaps indicate that not only in temperament but in body too he was less robust than the elder brother. In his poem on the death of Elizabeth contributed to "Sorrowes Joy" Phineas showed that he had a lively imagination; for his exuberant fancy was even able to picture nymphs dwelling among the "hollow rocks" of "yellow-sanded" Cam! This early promise was fulfilled later when, before leaving Cambridge to follow the same calling as his brother, his father, and his grandfather in a country parsonage, he wrote two fierce attacks on the Jesuits. The first, "Locustæ vel Pietas Jesuitica", is in Latin hexameters, some eight hundred lines, very fluent, full of mythological and historical allusions, interspersed with Christian theology and allegory, a curious but not a great work. The character of the other, "The Locusts or Apollyonists", may be judged from the opening stanza:

"Of Men, nav Beasts: worse, Monsters: worst of all,
 Incarnate Fiends, English Italianat,
 Of Priests, O no, Masse-Priests, Priests-Cannibal,
 Who make their Maker, chewe, grinde, feede, grow fat
 With flesh divine: of that great Cities fall,
 Which borne, nurs't, growne with blood, th' Earth's
 Emprise sat,
 Clesed, spous'd to Christ, yet back to whoor-
 dome fel,
 None can enough, something I fain would tell.
 How black are quenched lights! Fal'ne Heaven's a
 double Hell."

Odium theologicum never had a more vigorous exponent than Phineas Fletcher. Yet, like so many enthusiasts, though he was vitriolic in controversy, he had his gentler moods. Isaak Walton is reported to have said of him that he was "an excellent divine and an excellent angler"! In 1614 he wrote a play entitled "Sicelides, a Piscatory"; it was intended to be acted before James I. at Cambridge, but the King left the town just before the performance, and he did not lose much by not being there. Phineas' chief work was a poem called "The Purple Island", truly a curiosity in English literature, which will appear in the second volume of this edition. The proper study of mankind may be man, but man physiologically considered is not a promising subject for a poem. But Phineas, nothing daunted, in "The Purple Island" describes the human body at enormous length and with minute particularity, and, it must be confessed, with astonishing poetical skill. It is ultra-Spenserian in manner, and the mixture of allegory and anatomy flows easily on through canto after canto. The latter part is concerned with the intellect and emotions of man, where there is naturally more scope for poetical treatment, and here Phineas Fletcher is seen at his best.

The poems of these two brothers are at present known to hardly anyone besides professors of English literature; their names perhaps are committed to memory without understanding and paraded with a show of

learning by candidates for the Civil Service, but their writings are not read. When there is so much to read that is very good, why spend precious time on what is good without the "very"? "*Ars longa, vita brevis.*" There is much justice in this plea, and while we commend the zeal of the Cambridge University Press in re-publishing and the labour and ability of Professor Boas in editing this book, we fear that few besides specialists will spare the time to read it. Those who have the curiosity to begin will probably read on, and some may perhaps be encouraged to begin by being reminded that Milton was a warm admirer and a keen student of the works of both Giles and Phineas Fletcher.

AN EDUCATED PALADIN.

"The Barbarians of Morocco." By Graf Sternberg. Translated by Ethel Peck. Illustrations by Douglas Fox-Pitt. London: Chatto and Windus. 1908. 6s. net.

IT is rare that travellers go to a country with an open mind. If by chance their mind is open, it too often resembles an open sewer; nothing seems to find a place in it but the worst traits of the inhabitants of the country they have visited. There is also a class of travellers who go prepared to point a moral, even if they leave their tale comparatively unadorned. Graf Sternberg is one of the latter class. His illustrator, who writes the preface (wielder of the sword and pen, so to speak), seems to be actuated by love of art, and to take the line that Morocco should be left alone because it is picturesque, and because the people seem to live happier under their own bad government than any European nation could make them by setting up a wilderness of county councils. Undoubtedly the writer is a sympathiser with the Moors; but to a greater degree he sympathises with himself. One would suppose, to read him, that instead of being a sort of modern Sir Puntarvolo, gaily going about the world as did his prototype "on his dog", he was a proscribed noble of the time of the French Revolution. Whereas he appears to be a well-educated Austrian gentleman, rather a sybarite, and with a keen eye for a horse or a wench. As to the latter article, his own words leave us no doubt. His astonishing book (as translated by Ethel Peck, at least) reads like the work of a clever but perverse schoolboy. One wonders if the writer has become wiser or less wise in the course of years. The title explains the book, which is a long tirade against the French in Morocco, not so much on account of their ill-judged policy but because that policy was dictated by a Radical Government. Much as one deprecates the policy of France in Morocco, it is as unfair to dub the French the Barbarians of Morocco as it would be to call the English the Barbarians of India. Neither nation is without blame in its dealings with Easterns; but "barbarian" is hardly the word to apply to them. Possibly "interloper" would better fit the case. Still the Graf is a man of culture, though his culture does not make him any the more broad-minded than the religion of some men makes them charitable.

The journey the author made was not in itself remarkable, but he seems to have grasped the rudimentary fact that the Moors are one of the most peaceful peoples in the world. That this is so is at once apparent by the safety with which Europeans travel in all directions when the country is not in a disturbed state. Yet this elementary fact seems to have escaped most visitors to Morocco, who never seem to ask themselves in what other country where there is no police, little government, a weak executive, and in which almost everyone owns a horse and a gun, would they be able to travel in safety? Who would care to attempt a journey either in England or France under similar conditions? The fact is the Graf observes well enough. It is his deductions that appear crude to those of tender or riper years, according as we choose to look at the writer's age and consider him as a precocious old man or as a wise and reverend infant. All that he says about the daily life of the Arabs is correct. It is true that they do not change their religion to marry rich

husbands, or to make aristocratic alliances; that they both believe and practise their religion; that their manners are on the whole more pleasing than those of many Europeans; that their clothes are infinitely more picturesque. None of these propositions anyone who knows the Arabs will be likely to try to controvert; for all that they are no Arcadians, and they have without doubt failings enough which make them as human as ourselves. In his wild slashings and cuttings the author now and then breaks a head that is the better for a crack or two, as when he indicts the base worship of money and success in Europeans which finds no counterpart in Arab society. In a passage that might have been written by a socialist he inveighs against the money lords "who run newspapers, rule the price of the necessities of life, make war and peace, condemn or convict men, buy everywhere the popular vote". All this even Mr. Roosevelt, one of the greatest worshippers of actual facts the world has ever seen, most heartily deplures. When though the writer says "before the gates of S. Peter they are powerless", one remembers that in the Latin grammar "there were some who laughed", no matter how assiduously Balbus built his wall.

Still, when all is said, the book is interesting as being that of one who does not care a penny what he says, a state of mind far too uncommon nowadays, when almost everyone writes with his eye either upon the public or his sales. One qualification certainly the writer has, in that he appears never to have read anything that has been written on Morocco or its ways. Thus we get his views first hand, a most unusual thing in times when almost everybody is primed out of books, and either does not or is unable to observe that which he sees himself. Not Mungo Park or Livingstone in his first book could possibly have written more in the spirit of the explorer than does this Austrian gentleman, who writes upon Morocco as if it were an undiscovered land. Some of his theories are ingenious in the extreme, as when he finds a near relationship between Mohammedanism and the Roman Catholic faith. How this is, he does not condescend to show, but boldly says "the way from Rome to Mecca lies through Nazareth".

He mistakes the conservatism of the Arab race, and credits it with a belief in aristocracy. Nothing is farther from the truth. It is true, of course, the Arabs are conservatives, that is attached to ancient usages: but these same ancient usages co-exist with what seems to be a spirit so democratic that the most furious European democrat appears conservative when compared with Arabs or with Moors. The very scheme of their society, which holds the Sultan to be God's viceroy, and all men equal under him, makes for a democratic spirit amongst them. Who that knows Arabs has not observed how they address each other, and to what a small degree distinction between classes divides? How little, may be observed by listening to their talk, and marking that no vulgarisms exist (or very few) and that the Sultan speaks exactly in the same manner, with the same accent and the same choice of words, as does the muleteer.

Where the writer makes no mistake is in his artistic descriptions, which run Loti close. His account of his own entry into Fez, and that of the reception of the tribes by the Sultan, are not only picturesque, but true to the life to the smallest particular. In the Arab Kaid he sees petty kings; but then so did the translators of the Bible, and in this respect therefore he may be said to err with Plato. In reality a Kaid is not a petty king, but derives all his authority (in theory at least) from the Sultan. As regards his dignity of bearing (often to be observed) this is a racial and not a class dignity, for often Kaid comes from undistinguished families which have made their way in the world. In Morocco it is most rare for a Kaidship to remain as much as three generations in a family. This hardly gives time, judging by ourselves, for a class of nobility to be formed. We have seen the son of a powerful ex-Kaid keeping sheep on the plains, and playing as quaintly on a reed pipe as any other Arab shepherd boy. Therefore it appears that the author is wrong when he says: "... no one respects descent more than does the Arab. The descendant of Mohammed is sacred even if he be a bandit like Raisuli. Blood and breeding are

everything to this aristocratic people". This is a confusing of the substance with the essence, common enough to some theological sects. It is true that any descendant of Mohammed is sacred. It is not true that he is respected, unless his wealth, his position, or his character entitle him to respect. Raisuli before he rose to power and notoriety was a bare-legged hillman, who went about with one or two followers, and though a descendant of Mohammed was no more respected than was any other cattle thief. Descendants of the Prophet are to be seen as muleteers, and as water-carriers, and though they are theoretically sacred their sanctity avails them nothing if they are poor. The writer's point of view, his keen hatred of the French and all their works, his powers of description, and his love of nature, make the book interesting and unusual, and as unlike the ordinary English or French books of travels, with their hackneyed statistics and commonplaces about the advantages of civilisation, as a Fabian essay is to Mrs. Fawcett's "Manual".

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ALARMS.

"British Imperialism in the Eighteenth Century." By G. B. Hertz. London: Constable. 1908. 6s. net.

THIS is a bright and agreeable volume of eighteenth-century studies, strung rather loosely on a common thread, but well written, patriotic in sentiment, well-informed in matter, and vivified by a remarkable knowledge of the byways of English political and pamphlet literature of the eighteenth century. Perhaps the title is the least satisfactory thing about the book, for it suggests a systematic study of a single theme rather than a desultory treatment of several; and the introductory paragraphs, labelled Chapter I., read to us as an afterthought, wherein the writer strives to give his book more unity than it really possesses, rather than as an integral part of the whole scheme. But a book is none the worse for being a little unsystematic, and three at least of Mr. Hertz's six essays really do hang closely together as studies of various manifestations of English public opinion in days of panic and alarm. The "War Fever of 1739" tells us very pleasantly of the genesis of the war with Spain which pulled down Walpole from power and grew into the war of the Austrian succession. Mr. Hertz does not trouble much about diplomacy and high policy, but he pictures vividly the way in which Englishmen were inflamed against the Spaniards and thus driven into war. The "No Jews, no Wooden Shoes—a Frenzy of 1753" is an account of Pelham's Bill for the naturalisation of foreign Jews and of the mad outburst of indignation that it excited. Less hackneyed in subject than the "War of Jenkins' Ears", this essay strikes us as the best and most original in the volume. Mr. Hertz shrewdly points out how little economic motives could have entered into the dislike of the British public to the Jew; but we should hardly set it down so much as he does to religious bigotry, but rather to that blind and unreasoning hatred of all outlandish ways that constituted the very essence of the patriotism of the lower orders of the Georgian period. A few obiter dicta of Mr. Hertz might with advantage have been blue-pencilled. It is perhaps a matter of opinion whether Lord Beaconsfield was or was not "the greatest Jew since S. Paul". To ourselves these two great Hebrews seem so different in type that the juxtaposition of their names is not very illuminating. And still less excuse is apparent for the coupling of such respectable but misguided moderns as Professor Goldwin Smith and Canon MacColl with "Bismarck's reptile press". But apart from slight blemishes of this sort, Mr. Hertz's chapter makes a really original, interesting and stimulating study, that may well amuse the most careless "general reader", while it will give fresh information to many well-informed students of eighteenth-century history.

The third essay, on the "Winning of the Falkland Islands, a War Panic of 1770", is a natural pendant to the study of analogous waves of popular emotion in 1739 and 1753. It is followed by "The Russian Menace, a Crisis of 1791". But here Mr. Hertz uses

"crisis" in the sense of a diplomatic crisis, not one in national public opinion, and that apparently with but a half-consciousness that he is changing the sense of his terms. The weakness of this essay is that it is composed almost exclusively from English sources. Prussian and Russian policy should surely be sought in the diplomatic documents of Prussian and Russian statesmen, not in contemporary English pamphlets. We were half-conscious of this limitation of Mr. Hertz's scholarship when studying his accounts of the anti-Spanish movements in 1739 and 1770. It leaps to the eyes in what is the most incomplete essay in the book. But the charming sketch of Bishop Berkeley's high-souled attempts to create a spiritual and intellectual focus for British North America in his projected college in Bermuda brings us back to Mr. Hertz at his best, and makes us careless of the slight connexion of such a theme with those which had preceded it. In conclusion we must thank Mr. Hertz for a book which shows a distinct advance in maturity over his stimulating book on the "Old Colonial System", published three years ago, and gives promise of still better work to come. If we may presume to advise so competent a writer, we should suggest that he would do well to come out of his byways and give us next time something as bright and fresh, but also a little more systematic and complete. He knows his eighteenth century so well that we would gladly follow his guidance along the broad avenues as well as along the remote paths into which hitherto he has preferred to lead us.

THE OLD STORY.

"The Logic of Will: a Study in Analogy." By Helen Wodehouse. London: Macmillan. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

THE subject of this book—which has no more to do with logic than it has with land measurement, only it is the fashion to tack the word on to every kind of mental or ethical discussion—is "the analogy of knowledge and will, worked out on the basis of the idealist account of each". The analogy appears to have an inverse character, for muddle-headedness in the cognitive sphere is made to correspond to intractability of circumstances in that of conation; while weakness and irresolution in the conative subject answer to confusion and complication in experienced facts or presentations to consciousness. Mistaken belief arises from lack of energy, and wrong conduct from lack of knowledge. However this may be—and certainly there is an element of will in all judging and of judgment in all willing—the main point seems to be the analogy between Truth as the object of knowledge and Goodness as the object of endeavour. Both have an ideal perfection, a believed-in self-consistency. We can no more entertain the notion of two goods being really opposed to one another than we can of two facts, truly such, being found incompatible. The truth for all is the truth for one, and the good of the whole is the good of the individual.

This seems to point to a Realist view of the universe; yet the writer talks pure Nominalism. The following sounds like J. S. Mill: "Our faith in the laws of numbers would be very hard to upset now; but that is only because it has stood so many tests." Again: "Intellectual harmony is a mark of truth only because it is impossible for the elements in our world of belief to maintain themselves in conflict"—as though the impossibility were a mere contingent fact, an obliging accident, and a "stable cognitive world" resulted from the convenient circumstance—it would have been so awkward had it been otherwise!—that two and seven are found always, as far as our experience goes, to make nine. What 360051 and 782643 make must be quite uncertain. And as Truth is not prior to true, i.e. coherent, experiences, so Goodness has no absolute existence, by participating in which this, that or the other thing is said to be good. The old controversy!

Of course truth and goodness imply "true" for some intelligence and "good" for the satisfaction of some requirement or appreciation. But we do not thus admit that they are merely relative terms. Dr. Helen Wodehouse defines "good" as that which satisfies, or rather which

fulfils, a need. But a needed thing is something that is required to "make good" a deficiency. So that we are defining in a circle. Clearly, need or deficiency implies a "standard", an "ideal perfection", a "determinate law or pattern", an "abstract good", a "true good"—the expressions are scattered up and down these pages. If good is what satisfies desire, desire is what reaches after some good. Yes, our author in effect replies. But good is not an archetypal and eternal entity *ἐν οὐρανῷ*. It is simply the harmony of all the parts of a thing's real nature; for nature implies a unity, a pervading law, an inter-related whole. A man's true good therefore is not the gratification snatched at by this or that part of him, nor even the satisfaction of his finer needs at the expense of his lower cravings, but rather the self-realisation of the entire man. And, again, this self-realisation of the individual fits in with the self-realisation of the whole world. Very true. But "wholes" and "harmonies" and optimist conceptions generally are impossible without that pre-existent and absolute Norm or Law of Goodness which Dr. Helen Wodehouse seems to wish to dispense with. Her cake, once eaten, cannot be had. Oughtness, for instance, she labours to place on a mere empiricist footing. Nevertheless, when the question arises why a base passion should yield to a noble one, or by what persuasion the individual is to be induced to merge his good in the good of the universe, she takes refuge in mysticism, just like a mere archdeacon. Why can there be "no conflict between the good of the individual and the good of the whole"? Why should we have a "supreme faith in human nature"? What is the "spirit of the universe"? Dr. Wodehouse boldly says: "If it is for the good of the universe that cats should eat mice, then it is for the good of the mouse that the cat should eat him." But the mouse will only agree to this if he is a Platonist or an Intuitionist—which are sad errors. Besides, how can I surrender my will if my will is only another name for my needs?

There is a not unpleasant naïveté and a kind of breezy candour in these pages, the argument of which seems to be thought out as the writer proceeds. She would have done better to avoid one or two illustrations—e.g. that no sane person could believe in personal evil spirits or admire Charles I., and again that Crusaders who hurt poor Saracens did very wrong. After all, the self-realisation of the Saracens—like that of the mouse—was thereby promoted.

NOVELS.

"Captain Margaret: a Romance." By John Masefield. London: Richards. 1908. 6s.

That much-abused term "romance" may justly be used by Mr. Masefield as a label for his novel, for he brings into it the savour of the sea and the adventurous associations of the Spanish Main. But the book, remarkable and interesting as an experiment, does not quite succeed in blending into a harmonious work of art the close introspection of the modern novel and the vigour of a story of seamanship and fighting. Captain Margaret is a dreamer, though a good swordsman, possessed by a great passion, rejected by the woman of his love for a bullying blackguard. He attempts to found a colony in Central America on new principles. The period is not far removed from that of the historic Darien experiment. Margaret would civilise the Indians and protect them against Spain, but the buccaneers who joined him sought only plunder, and the end of his political dreams comes in a ravaged town, men massacred and women outraged. Meanwhile he has been persuaded to take his lost love and her husband to America, the lady believing that the man was a volunteer for adventure, whereas (as Margaret knew) he was fleeing from justice. The sentimental interest of the story lies in the discovery by the fair Olivia of her husband's baseness, and the consequent readjustment of her outlook on life. Mr. Masefield has got an odd company into his ship. The blackguards and the honest sailors are intelligible, but we cannot make much out of Captain Margaret's friend Perrin, a broken-down roué with the soul of a

nineteenth-century minor poet. In fact the psychology, and occasionally the dialogue, are strangely modern. But the story is finely conceived.

"The Spirit of Revolt." By Philip Gibbs. London: Methuen. 1908. 6s.

There must be thousands of simple-minded novel-readers who can be trusted not to worry about the improbabilities of a story provided they get plenty of what is called "actuality", a strong dose of sentiment, and by hook or by crook a happy ending. This novel is cleverly turned out for the consumption of such people. By the time they have finished the book—and we doubt not they will finish it—they will have been shown a Bloomsbury boarding-house, the National Liberal Club, the House of Commons, the stage of a London theatre (where it appears the curtain is in front of the footlights and the scenery is shifted "regardless of the life and limbs of the actors and actresses"), a Soho restaurant, what Mr. Gibbs calls the "Tillière" academy of dancing, and of course a Suffragist meeting at Caxton Hall, and ought to feel themselves pleasantly metropolitan. Through such scenes and much tribulation the precarious loves of Richard Kelmars, Labour member and puritan, and Susy Sullivan, the chaste hedonist of the "Butterfly Girl" chorus, enter at length a little heaven near Electric Avenue, Brixton, where Ursula Chilvers, a daughter of the peerage and the ancient religion, who stands in the book for the embodiment of old-world refinement, frequently visits the couple and is "delighted with Susy's simplicity and unconventional conversation". Well, we envy the simple-minded novel-reader, for the book is good of its kind—a kind that reminds one more of the machine-made than the artistic product.

"Two in a Flat." By Jane Wintergreen. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1908. 5s.

In a gently satirical chapter on the "note" of intimate Kensington the writer of these sketches describes it as "a scent of lilac, a long memory, a dish of tea". Some such old-fashioned aroma lingers about her book. With humour that is sometimes so sly as to be in danger of escaping observation altogether she depicts the relations between the "two"—mistress and maid, boxed up together in the lofty isolation of No. 50 Princess Gardens—an amused thoughtfulness on the one side and a not uncritical loyalty upon the other. It is the service of an antique world, plus a lift and a speaking-tube. The portrait of 'Ammersmith, who calls herself a "general"—may it not have been in order to hear her mistress dub her "housekeeper"?—occupies the greater part of the canvas; but we have glimpses also of a porter whose fundamental note was resentment, of a charwoman with high heels who had been a housemaid, of an ex-theatrical-wardrobe-mistress who came to do dressmaking but had too much temperament to be a good "fit". Incidentally of course the artist reveals herself, and we like that portrait best of all. If we do not always think 'Ammersmith quite as funny as her mistress did, and are distressed that we cannot read any humorous signification whatever into the three asterisks that turn up at intervals after a full stop, we are grateful for the genuine amusement that even the merely male intelligence may derive from this little book.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution." By A. V. Dicey. 7th Edition. London: Macmillan. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

"A Digest of the Law of England with Reference to the Conflict of Laws." By A. V. Dicey. 2nd Edition. London: Macmillan. 1908. 30s.

It is nearly twenty-five years since Professor Dicey first published his "Introduction to the Law of the Constitution" and twelve years since his Digest appeared of what in older phraseology used to be called Private International Law. To say anything now in praise of the merits of those two well-known books would be superfluous. They have stood the severest test of all, that of time: the "Law of the Constitution" as displaying in a lucid and interesting manner for students the fundamental doctrines of the Constitution; the Digest as

stating in a practical form for lawyers, under scientific titles, the whole of the law of England relating to the administration by our courts of other laws than our own. In this seventh edition of the "Law of the Constitution" the principal change is to be found in a restatement of Professor Dicey's views of the French *droit administratif* to meet the criticisms of French jurists. They do not admit that the special body of French law which withdraws acts of State from the cognisance of the ordinary courts is so opposed to British constitutionalism as Professor Dicey represented in previous editions. Essentially Professor Dicey stands where he did; and in any case the whole discussion is useful to students. In a new note to the chapter on the relation of the Colonies to the British Parliament Mr. Morley is named as "the Colonial Secretary" who pointed out that the Transvaal Government by its Immigrants Restriction Act 1907 "introduced a principle to which no parallel can be found in previous legislation". The protest was made by Lord Morley as Secretary of State for India and as representing the case of Asiatic British subjects.

In the new edition of his *Digest* Professor Dicey discusses some recent decisions and certain points that have arisen since the last edition which leave the law in considerable doubt. It is not satisfactory to know, even as a possibility, that the Indian or the colonial courts may grant divorces which would not be recognised in England; so that a British subject might re-marry in India or the colonies and the marriage be good for all purposes there; while if he re-married in England the marriage would be bigamous. This result would arise from the strict rule hitherto applied by the English courts that the law of the domicile of the husband determines matrimonial questions. If the judges relax this rule, "as English judges seem inclined to do", Professor Dicey observes, referring to a recent decision, then this interesting result follows, that a wife deserted by her husband, who has also changed his domicile, may for the purpose of obtaining a divorce possess a domicile different from her husband. This would not only be "judge-made law", varying as all legislation does under the pressure of changed times and circumstances, but also an instance of "man-made law" which female suffragists themselves must admit would be in favour of women.

"Astronomy of To-day." By Cecil G. Dolmage. London: Seeley. 1908. 5s.

Every person of pretensions to education should at least have a general and intelligent acquaintance with the principles and facts of astronomy. He need not be so much as an amateur astronomer; he may not be able to do a simple equation and therefore all mathematical demonstration be utterly beyond him; and he need not be able to distinguish between Hercules and Orion. Still, with all these lacunæ in his knowledge there is very much of the greatest mental profit and interest to be got from reading such a book as this of Dr. Dolmage. Not for the first time by any means have astronomers taken in hand to explain astronomical principles and facts for popular reading. They have always had a creditable desire to bring their science within the comprehension of what may be called the vulgar. Astronomy without mathematics has been their aim; but the reader of Herschel, Airy, Lockyer or Ball will find that at some page or other more is attempted to be demonstrated by what the writers consider very elementary mathematics than is at all clear to the reader. Dr. Dolmage has absolutely kept to his promise to introduce the reader to an acquaintance with the astronomy of to-day in non-technical language. There is not an equation or a geometrical proof in his book. This of course does not mean that Dr. Dolmage has given proofs in simple plain language of the distances and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies, of their mutual attraction on each other, of parallax and precession. This is simply impossible without mathematics, but Dr. Dolmage does succeed in making intelligible the methods by which astronomers arrive at their results. The reader, for instance, understands what parallax is and how the immense distances of some stars can be ascertained and stated, whilst others, where the method of parallax fails, cannot be ascertained and therefore must be at incalculable distances. In some instances, as that of the tides, Dr. Dolmage has to admit that there can be no demonstration in plain and non-technical language. The reader must marvel at, without being able to follow, the reasoning by which Adams and Le Verrier deduced the existence and the place of Neptune. These are matters which no skill in description can make plain and non-technical. But how many grand phenomena of Nature Dr. Dolmage makes clear which it is lamentable ignorance not to know! His book, we should say, contains the minimum of the history of astronomical discovery and of present knowledge below which one cannot allow oneself to fall.

"The Odd Volume" makes a good start and should bring a considerable addition to the funds of the National Book Trade Provident Society, in whose interests it has been got together. The contributors include Mr. George Meredith, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. A. E. W.

Mason, Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Austin Dobson. Mr. Matz, the editor, who is always unearthing some new and more or less unimportant Dickens relic, has not a reference to Charles Dickens in the whole number. There are several coloured and many black-and-white illustrations, and, charity apart, the volume is a good shilling's-worth.

Messrs. Nelson have opened their new *Shilling Library* with four copyright books published within a recent period. They are Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Collections and Recollections", Sir A. Conan Doyle's "Great Boer War", Mr. Edward Whymper's "Scrambles among the Alps", and Captain Trotter's "Life of John Nicholson". In their new form these books will appeal to a public which has hitherto been able to secure them only through the libraries. The inclusion of Captain Trotter's "Nicholson", acknowledged to be the best biography of the hero of Delhi, should be particularly welcome to a large number. The books are tastefully got up, and there is nothing "cheap" about them in regard to either print or paper.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Octobre.

No doubt most readers of this number will turn at once to the second instalment of M. Hanotaux' account of the Berlin Congress, and in doing so they will find a good deal to interest and enlighten them. The hitherto secret papers of Count Schuvaloff and Cathedory Pasha throw much light upon the prodigious moralising of our own newspapers upon recent events in the Near East. Most people who knew something about it have forgotten the Berlin Congress, and those who did not may well be reminded that the rôle played there by Great Britain was by no means an heroic one, nor were our hands so clean as they should have been for a nation whose leading journals are now denouncing Austria-Hungary in language of absurd exaggeration. One extremely grotesque incident is told by the writer. By mistake a secret Russian map of Asia Minor was lent to Lord Beaconsfield, and he adopted as our claim the line drawn thereon to indicate the extreme possible Russian concession, he not knowing what the line meant. In the end a compromise was made and the Russians gave up only about half what they were prepared to cede. Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield conducted the discussion, and Lord Salisbury had told Schuvaloff beforehand that Beaconsfield had never seen a map of Asia Minor! This is surely too good to be true, but it is related in Schuvaloff's private papers.

THE OCTOBER REVIEWS.

Events in South-Eastern Europe in the past week have taken a turn which none of the October reviewers anticipated. The editor of the "National", who devotes so much attention to foreign affairs, finds satisfaction in the suspension of the "pernicious propaganda" of the Balkan Committee. Mr. Edward Dicey in the "Empire Review" tells us that England ought to follow the example of Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina and give more self-government to the people within the protectorate, and commits himself to the statement that, whilst annexation might have been wise and possible fifteen years ago, "it would be not only unwise but impossible to-day". Equally naive would seem to be his suggestion that "just before the outbreak of the military insurrection in Turkey, the long-cherished hopes of the Balkan Peninsula and especially of Bulgaria seemed to be on the eve of fulfilment". Even M. Christian Rakowski, an ex-member of the Bulgarian Parliament, was not prepared for Bulgaria's action, and in the "International Review" says that should the Bulgarians in Macedonia send representatives to the Turkish Parliament the dreams of Bulgaria's future greatness must fade. "Yet every Bulgarian politician possessed of insight and filled with brotherly love will rejoice at the newly-acquired happiness of his fellow-countrymen and do his utmost to avoid interference with the work of reform that has begun in Turkey, by foreign complications." The Bulgarian Government have brought about the very complications which M. Rakowski deprecates. They are not prepared to sacrifice their dreams to "brotherly love". As for Mr. Ellis Barker, who writes in the "Fortnightly" on the future of Turkey, we are not quite clear whether he even realises that Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia united in 1885, but that is a detail. His article affords an excellent idea of the confusion of races in the Turkish Empire and of the soaring ambition of Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece. The Bulgarian coup lends force to his explanation of one of the difficulties ahead of the new Turkish régime. If the Young Turks "follow a liberal policy, if they introduce parliamentary representation, self-government, and majority rule in Turkey in general, and in Macedonia in particular, the Christians will be in a majority, and it seems likely that they will then oust the Turkish minority and convert the ruling race into a ruled race. Bulgarian, Greek, and Serbian

(Continued on page 458.)

THE WESTMINSTER FIRE OFFICE

ESTD. A.D. 1717.
RECONSTITUTED 1906.

Head Office: 27 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
City Office: 82 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
FULL PARTICULARS as to RATES, &c., on application to
STENTON T. COVINGTON,
Secretary.

Financial Year ends November 20, 1908.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

FOR
Mutual Life Assurance.
ESTABLISHED 1835.

Every With-Profit Policy issued before November 20, 1908,
under an Annual Premium, will be entitled to the full
Five Years' Bonus at the 1912 Division.

WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS TO
48 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

Established 1866.

ORDINARY AND INDUSTRIAL BRANCHES.

Total Funds . . . £2,000,000.
Claims Paid . . . £6,000,000.

The "BRITANNIC" HOUSE PURCHASE SCHEME is
simplicity itself.
Applications for Agency Appointments invited.
S. J. PORT, Secretary.
Chief Offices: BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: 92 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

**FIRE LIFE
ACCIDENT BURGLARY**

1808—Centenary Year—1908.

Subscribed Capital . . . £2,200,000
Funds: 31st December, 1907 . . . £2,841,887
Total . . . £5,041,887

Active and Influential Agents Wanted.
SAMUEL J. PIPKIN, General Manager.

The Oldest Scottish Office.

Estd. 1805.

CALEDONIAN INSURANCE COMPANY.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
ASSURANCES GRANTED With or Without Medical Examination
ON EXCEPTIONALLY LIBERAL TERMS.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Undoubted Security. Moderate Premiums.
Losses Promptly Settled. Surveys Free of Charge.
PERSONAL ACCIDENT. EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY. BURGLARY.
Prospectuses will be sent on application.

Head Office: 19 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.
London Offices:
82 KING WILLIAM ST., E.C.; AND 14 WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall, S.W.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

[INCORPORATED A.D. 1720.]
Governor, SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK, K.C.M.G.

Fire, Life, Sea, Accidents, Burglary, Employers' Risks,
Fidelity Guarantees, Annuities.

The Corporation will
act as **EXECUTOR OF WILLS,
TRUSTEE OF WILLS AND SETTLEMENTS.**
**Special Terms granted to ANNUITANTS when
HEALTH is IMPAIRED.**
Prospectus and all Information may be obtained on application to the Secretary.
Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

THE EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society.

Founded 1762. FUNDS, 4½ MILLIONS.

MANSION HOUSE STREET (Opposite the
Mansion House), LONDON, E.C.

FOR OVER 100 YEARS, CLAIMS UNDER
WHOLE LIFE POLICIES HAVE AVERAGED
DOUBLE THE ORIGINAL SUM ASSURED.

No Commission Paid. Expenses, Half the Average.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT. BURGLARY.

HEAD OFFICES { 1 North John Street, LIVERPOOL.
28 Lombard Street, LONDON.

THE LARGEST FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

TOTAL FUNDS . . . £14,208,499
INCOME . . . £5,107,166

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. MODERATE RATES OF PREMIUM.
LIBERAL POLICY CONDITIONS.

General Manager—CHARLES ALCOCK.
Sub-Manager—GEO. CHAPPELL.
Assistant Secretaries—WM. ROPER & J. J. ATKINSON.
Accident Department—R. W. THOMPSON, Manager.
Secretary in London—JOHN H. CROFT.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED)

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS . . . £70,000,000.

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS,

SICKNESS, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY,
BURGLARY AND FIDELITY GUARANTEE RISKS,

INSURED AGAINST BY THE

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE CO.

Capital (fully subscribed), £1,000,000. Claims Paid, £5,400,000.
64 CORNHILL, LONDON. A. VIAN, Secretary.

THE NEWEST IDEAS

IN LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
6 PAUL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

Particulars post free.

Good Prospects for Active Agents.

M. GREGORY, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

districts will be formed in European Turkey, and especially in Macedonia. The Turkish language will disappear from Macedonia, as the German language has disappeared from Hungary, and the Turks, who have been accustomed to be the masters, will emigrate into Asiatic Turkey, as did so many Turks who inhabited Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Bosnia and Herzegovina, before their separation from Turkey. A liberal policy will therefore bring about the rapid disintegration of the Turkish Empire, and especially of European Turkey." Mr. Theodore Morison in the "Nineteenth Century" doubts whether Muhammadanism has not rendered the Turks unfit for self-government. "The people have had no experience of politics. If it were merely a question of reforming the public services and even of nominating a capable assembly, that would not present a very grave difficulty. There must be patriotic and educated Turks in sufficient numbers to fill all these places. But representative institutions postulate that this patriotism and this education and capacity for dealing with public questions should be diffused among the people at large." He finds that the materials out of which the Muhammadans have to build up their institutions are very scanty. On one point there seems general agreement, and that is that Lord Salisbury made a mistake when he said that in backing Turkey England had put her money on the wrong horse; and Dr. Dillon in the "Contemporary" is convinced that "never since the breach occurred between Great Britain and the Porte was there such a favourable opportunity for reconciliation as to-day".

"The Key of European Peace" which "Ignotus" indicates in the "National" is not the situation in the Balkans, but the decision of the naval rivalry of Great Britain and Germany. "Peace depends first and foremost on the incontestable superiority of the British Navy", and he is of course grateful to Prince Bülow for convincing "the blindest advocates of disarmament that nothing is at present to be hoped for from Germany". The "National" hammers away as usual at the relentless purpose of the Kaiser to accomplish the downfall of England, and declares that every battleship in the new German Navy may be said to have been floated on "an ocean of Anglophobia". Excubitor in the "Fortnightly" argues that there is only one thing to be done, and that is to convince Germany that we intend to maintain the naval supremacy of Great Britain. "We have the men", he says, "and can get more if needed, and the problem of the future of the fleet is confined exclusively to ships." Adopting Lord Charles Beresford's phrase that "battleships are cheaper than battles", the question becomes one of finance. In view of the financial and economic methods of the present Government, Excubitor sees no way of replying to the German naval programme but by loan. Mr. Harold Spender urges in the "Contemporary" that the only way out of the unpleasant and undignified position created by Anglo-German suspicions is an understanding with Germany on the same terms as with other Powers. We must prove to our neighbours, as well as know for ourselves, "our own good intentions". How that proof is to be supplied without resort to the very expedient which neither prudence nor the Teutophobe will permit we do not quite see. Certainly if there is to be a pause in armament, England cannot give the lead. She has taken quite sufficient risks already. That Prince Bülow is a friend of peace, as Mr. S. G. Morris says in a very interesting appreciation in the "Nineteenth Century", need not be questioned, but he has shown that Germany is not prepared to hold her hand even for the sake of British goodwill. Mr. Morris says that no sensible person can doubt that it was not the Anglo-French Agreement but the continued slights and provocations of M. Delcassé which threatened Europe with the danger of war during the crisis that led to the Algeiras Conference. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett in the "Fortnightly" takes just the opposite view. He examines the matter in some detail, and concludes that it is impossible for anyone who has closely followed German action in Morocco not to see that its governing idea has been to weaken or destroy the Anglo-French entente. He defends M. Delcassé, and holds Germany responsible for the position under which she chafes. Questions of policy do not concern Mr. Ashmead Bartlett in a picturesque account which he gives in "Blackwood" of a visit he paid to Mulai Hafid, the man who has done more to determine the fate of Morocco than either France or Germany. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's journey to Fez was venturesome, but it provided material for good "copy".

Lord Milner before starting on his Canadian tour, during which he will, no doubt, gather up many new and valuable facts bearing on the tariff question, made a brief examination of the "Edinburgh's" attack on his views as to preference, and in the "Nineteenth Century" publishes a reply which disposes summarily of the conclusions of his critic. Brief as it is, the paper makes it perfectly clear that Canadian preference has done a great deal to save the British market in North America. British trade with Canada, which was declining rapidly down to 1897, began to improve as if by magic after preference came into force, and increased almost as rapidly as that with the United States. "Where before preference we were decidedly losing ground we have since preference been as decidedly gaining it. Let those

who belittle preference produce some other cause which can account for the change." Lord Milner, save where he corrects them, bases his argument on many of the "Edinburgh's" reviewer's own figures, and his critic will not find a rejoinder easy. In the "Fortnightly" M. Augustin Filon reviews the career of Georges Clemenceau, one of the few striking personalities of European importance in the Third Republic. Incidentally M. Filon says that M. Clemenceau must smile when he looks back upon some of his juvenile freaks. "He has probably discovered by this time that the Sovereign against whom he was then conspiring was a stouter friend of the people and a more resolute champion of democratic progress than the men who have taken his place." Another study in personality is Mr. Castell Hopkins' article on Professor Goldwin Smith in the "National". Mr. Hopkins has no difficulty in showing some of the inconsistencies in which his subject's prejudices have involved him. For instance, at Oxford Mr. Goldwin Smith said of the aristocracy that nothing could be more lofty than their love of principles nor more noble than their disregard of class interests when principles were at stake. In Toronto he said that when the aristocracy came into power after the revolution a reign of corruption more profound and shameless than was ever seen in the United States was inaugurated. These views are to be reconciled of course, but they are not the only case that Mr. Hopkins provides of apparently glaring inconsistency. The dominant note of Mr. Goldwin Smith's political philosophy is hatred of the British Empire. He has been a pessimist from the first, and perhaps the best description of him is that applied to him some years ago—a discredited disintegrationist.

Among the miscellaneous articles there is Mr. Lucy's revelations as to the relations of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Labouchere, in the "Cornhill", to which we drew attention last week. In the "World's Work" Mr. John D. Rockefeller gives us the first instalment of his reminiscences of men and events. It is distinctly encouraging to learn that he is an optimist and quite assured that the opportunities before the young men of to-day are greater than those of his youth. The "Financial Review of Reviews" contains a series of short papers by well-known Anglo-Indians on the question of India's hoarded wealth and the advisability of an inquiry. Mr. H. R. James in the "Asiatic Quarterly" has some reflections on university reform in Bengal arising out of the recent troubles with the students. In the "New Quarterly" Mr. Max Beerbohm, under the title "Dulcedo Judiciorum", has a characteristic study of the proceedings in a law court.

For this Week's Books see pages 460 and 462.



By Appointment to H.M. the King.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.,
Glasgow & London.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

DRINK THE

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making, use less quantity, it being much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

DOCTORS ENTHUSIASTIC OVER NEW DISCOVERY.

How Nervous Disorders are Cured by Brain-Feeding.

Where medicines and drugs and other stimulants have not only hopelessly failed to help nerve-sufferers but also aggravated their ailments, the most eminent physicians have to admit their helplessness after so-called tonics and stimulants have played havoc with the brain and spinal marrow (nerve-centres) of nerve-sufferers by driving them to misery. From actual experience, tangible proof is being given to the world of the marvellous results achieved by Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin," demonstrating clearly that his discovery cannot fail to have a lasting effect upon the health of the nations.

So important was the discovery thought of by His Holiness the Pope's Physician-in-Ordinary, Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, that he communicated with Dr. Hartmann, warmly congratulating him in the name of medical science.

The letter reads:

"**Rome.**
"Dear Sir,—I made trial in my private practice of Antineurasthin and shall prescribe it henceforward, as it is an admirable agent for toning and strengthening the nervous system. I take the liberty of congratulating you on your discovery."
(Signed)

"**DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.**"

This is praise indeed, and the most satisfactory feature of Dr. Hartmann's success is that the congratulation of his medical confrère is overwhelmingly supported by the testimony of medical men here, as well as of users of "Antineurasthin," whose original and unsolicited letters can be seen at the office of the Company.

Sufferers from Depression, Headaches, Failing Memory, Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, or any other nervous complaint requiring a genuine and lasting tonic should take advantage of the special offer made by The Antineurasthin Co. Every applicant will be supplied with a trial supply Free of cost. Simply enclose 2d. for postage, packing, &c. Address a note to THE ANTINEURASTHIN CO., 5 Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.



Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi,
His Holiness the
Pope's Physician-in-Ordinary.

ORIENT-ROYAL MAIL LINE

TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, & TASMANIA.

STEAMERS LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Managers—F. GREEN & CO.: ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.

Head Office—FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON.

For Passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 25 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

UNION-CASTLE LINE.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE.—TO SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.—Via Madeira, Canaries, Ascension, St. Helena, and Lobito Bay.

Steamers	Service	London	Southampton
* WALMER CASTLE ..	Royal Mail	—	Oct. 10
* DURHAM CASTLE ..	Intermediate	Oct. 9	Oct. 10
* KINFARNS CASTLE ..	Royal Mail	—	Oct. 17
† GERMAN ..	Intermediate	Oct. 16	Oct. 17

* Via Madeira. † Via Teneriffe. ‡ Via Las Palmas, Ascension, and St. Helena.

Special Trains from Waterloo to Southampton every Saturday.

DONALD CURRIE & CO., Managers, 3 & 4 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. West-End Agencies—Sleeping Car Co., 20 Cockspur Street, S.W., and Thomas Cook & Son, 13 Cockspur Street, S.W.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURRACHEE, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, PLEASURE CRUISES and ROUND THE WORLD TOURS. For Particulars apply at 123 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., London.

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners, who may be desirous of selling Works of Art, Family Jewels, Old Silver, Furniture, Pictures, Prints, Miniatures, China, Coins, Books, Old Lace, Furs, Musical Instruments, Guns, and other Valuables, is drawn to Messrs.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S

AUCTION GALLERIES, 9 CONDUIT STREET, and 23A MADDOX STREET, W., which are Open Daily to receive goods intended for early sales.

VALUATIONS are prepared for Fire Insurance, Estate Duty, and all other purposes. As to Insurance, owners are reminded that, for security, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY's detailed inventory and valuation of the contents of a Town or Country Mansion is an important adjunct to their Fire Insurance Policies.



NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

Black Handle... 5s. 6d. A pair Ivory Handles in
Ivory Handle... 7s. 6d. Russia Leather Case 21s.
Kropp DUPLEX STROP 7s. 6d. Kropp Strop Paste ... 6d.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO., LONDON, W.

BARR'S DAFFODILS

BARR'S POPULAR 21-COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS contains 6 Bulbs each of 26 Fine Distinct Varieties suitable for Pot-culture or for the Flower Border.

Half the above Collection for 10/8.

BARR'S WOODLAND 21-COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS contains 500 Strong Bulbs in 20 Fine Showy Varieties suitable for Naturalising.

Descriptive Catalogue of all the finest Daffodils in Cultivation, Free.

BARR & SONS,

11, 12, & 13 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT CONTRACTORS,

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.,

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice, Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

The LIST of APPLICATIONS will be CLOSED on or before WEDNESDAY, 14th OCTOBER, 1908.

NEWPORT (MON.) CORPORATION

3½ per Cent. Redeemable Stock.

ISSUE OF £250,000.

Authorised by a Consent Order of the Local Government Board dated the 25th day of September, 1908, and made under the Public Health Acts Amendment Act, 1890.

PRICE OF ISSUE, £90 PER CENT.

First Dividend, being a full six months' Interest, payable 1st April, 1909.

The Trustee Act, 1893, authorises a Trustee, unless expressly forbidden by the instrument (if any) creating the Trust, to invest funds in this Stock.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED, is authorised by Resolutions passed by the Corporation of Newport (Mon.), on the 5th October, 1908, to receive applications for £250,000 Newport Corporation 3½ per Cent. Redeemable Stock.

Payment will be required as follows, viz. :—

£5 per cent.	on Application.
£21 "	on Allotment.
£38 "	on 23rd November, 1908.
£35 "	on 17th December, 1908.

Payment may be made in full on or after 21st October, 1908, under discount at the rate of £21 per cent. per annum.

This Stock is redeemable at par, at the option of the Corporation, at any time after the 1st October, 1908, by giving six months' notice by advertisement, and must be extinguished by 1st October, 1908.

The Sinking Fund will be employed in the purchase of this Stock when obtainable at par or under.

The present issue of Stock is for the purpose of paying off loans contracted for short periods and for raising monies sanctioned for a Technical Institute and Lemanic Asylum.

The Stock is secured on the whole of the Revenues of the Corporation, and ranks pari passu as to security with the existing 3 per Cent. Stock and other securities issued.

The Rateable Value of the Borough is £421,011.

The Corporation are the possessors of the Water, Electricity, and Tramways Undertakings, Lands, Markets, Baths, and other sources of revenue, the capital value of which is estimated at £1,275,566, and the income arising therefrom £58,351.

The Revenue Receipts of the Corporation during the year ending 31st March, 1908, amounted to £245,242.

Interest at the rate of £3½ per cent. per annum on the Stock will be paid at the aforesaid Bank, on 1st April and 1st October in each year, by Dividend Warrants, which will be sent by post unless otherwise desired.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112 Bishopsgate Street, London, and at its Branches; at the Offices of Messrs. J. & A. Scrimgeour, South Sea House, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.; at the Offices of Charles Cullum, Esquire, Borough Treasurer, Newport (Mon.); and also from Albert Augustus Newman, Esquire, Town Clerk of Newport (Mon.).

9th October, 1908.

FIRST FOUR VOLUMES NOW READY.

NELSON'S

A NEW
POPULAR
LIBRARYLARGE TYPE
BLUE CLOTH
GILT TOP

LIBRARY

of Notable Copyright Books
in Travel, History, Biography,
and General Literature.

UNDER arrangement with several of the leading publishers, Messrs. Nelson are now issuing an important new series of Reprints. This will comprise the best COPYRIGHT works of recent years in Travel, History, Biography, and General Literature. Many works of striking merit, the price of which has hitherto prevented them from attracting the attention they deserve, will be included. The volumes are the same size as the now familiar Nelson's Library, are beautifully printed and illustrated, and bound in cloth elegant, with special end-papers and coloured wrapper. Four volumes will be issued in October, November, and December respectively.

FIRST FOUR VOLUMES NOW READY.

Scrambles Amongst the Alps.

Edward Whymper.

Collections and Recollections.

G. W. E. Russell.

The Great Boer War.

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Life of John Nicholson.

Captain Trotter.

NOVEMBER.

The Memories of Dean Hole.

Wild Life in a Southern County.

Richard Jefferies.

The Psalms in Human Life.

R. E. Prothero.

Life of Gladstone.

Herbert W. Paul.

DECEMBER.

The Forest.

Stewart Edward White.

The Golden Age.

Kenneth Grahame.

The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib.

Sara Jeannette Duncan.

The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins
(Lord Brampton).

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET PER VOLUME.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSTALLS.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS.

33 and 36 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.;
Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY

Buried Herculaneum (Ethel Ross Barker). Black. 7s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY

The Life of Henry Irving (Austin Brereton. 2 vols.). Longmans, Green. 25s. net.

The King who Never Reigned (Jules Lemaitre). Nash. 15s. net.

The Black Bishop (Jesse Page). Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

Henry Beaufort (Lewis Bostock Radford). Sir Isaac Pitman. 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Salthaven (W. W. Jacobs). Methuen. 6s.

The Other Man's Wife (Frank Richardson); The Man who Understood Women (Leonard Merrick); The Man from Rome (Marie Van Vorst). Nash. 6s. each.

The Diva's Ruby (F. Marion Crawford); Helianthus (Ouida). Macmillan. 6s. each.

View thy Trespass (C. H. Dudley Ward). Ouseley. 6s.

The Spin of the Coin (E. R. Punshon). Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

The Tempting of Paul Chester (Alice and Claude Askew). Fisher Unwin. 6s.

In the Days of Marlborough (George Long). Greening. 6s.

The Princess Dehra (John Reed Scott). Constable. 6s.

The Land of Silent Feet (Arthur O. Fisher). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

The Lost Viol (M. P. Shiel); The Angel (Gus Thorne). Ward, Lock. 6s. each.

The Court of Conscience (Ella MacMahon). Chapman and Hall. 6s.

A Royal Hoax (Fred Whishaw); Rosalind at Red Gate (Meredith Nicholson). Everett. 6s. each.

The Witch's Sword (David Kerr Fulton); Amabel Channice (Anne Douglas Sedgwick). Arnold. 6s. each.

The Revenge of Gilbert Strange (Walter Wood); Miss Fallowfield's Fortune (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler). Cassell. 6s. each.

Tormentilla; or, The Road to Gretna Green (Dorothea Deakin); The House of the Crickets (Katharine Tynan). Smith, Elder. 6s. each.

GIFT BOOKS

Anne's Terrible Good Nature (F. V. Lucas). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

In Nature's School (Lilian Gask), Days Before History (H. R. Hall), 2s. 6d. net each; A Treasury of Verse for Little Children (M. G. Edgar), 7s. 6d. net.

The Wind in the Willows (Kenneth Grahame). Methuen. 6s.

The Wolf Patrol (John Finnemore), 3s. 6d.; Red Cap Adventures (S. R. Crockett), 6s. Black.

Rivals and Chums (Kent Carr), 3s. 6d.; Holly House and Ridges Row (May Baldwin), 6s. Edinburgh: Chambers.

The Royalist Brothers (Rev. E. E. Crake), 2s. 6d.; Barbara's Heroes (H. Louisa Bedford), 1s. 6d.; A Love Passage (Harriet Lady Phillimore), 2s. 6d.; Rolf the Rebel (Bessie Marchant), 2s.; Heroine or? (Isabella B. Locker), 2s.; Martha Wren (M. B. Synge), 2s.; Dame Joan of Pevensey (Rev. E. E. Crake), 1s. 6d.; The House with Dragon Gates (Edith E. Cowper), 2s. 6d.; Hearty Gray (William Webster), 1s. 6d. S.P.C.K.

HISTORY

Myths of the Norsemen (H. A. Guerber). Harrap. 7s. 6d.

A Short History of Engraving and Etching (A. M. Hind). Constable. 18s. net.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome (Rev. H. J. Chaytor); My Story (Hall Caine). Heinemann. 6s. each.

Napoleon (F. Loraine Petre), 12s. 6d.; Some Women, Loving or Luckless (C. H. Jeaffreson), 7s. 6d.; Memoirs of the Duke of Urbino (James Dennistoun of Dennistoun. 3 vols.), 42s. net.

Lane.

Memories of My Life (Francis Galton), 10s. 6d. net; The Medici Popes (Herbert M. Vaughan), 15s. net. Methuen.

South America on the Eve of Emancipation (Bernard Moses). Putnam. 6s.

Thirty-five Years in the Punjab, 1858-1893 (G. R. Elsmie). Edinburgh: Douglas. 9s. net.

The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill (Mrs. George Cornwallis West). Arnold. 15s. net.

Recollections of a Life in the British Army during the Latter Half of the 19th Century (General Sir Richard Harrison). Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Flowers and Gardens of Japan (Florence du Cane). Black. 20s. net.

Holly, Yew and Box (W. Dallimore). Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

Alpines and Bog-Plants (Reginald Farrer). Arnold. 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The World's Gold (L. de Launay). Heinemann. 6s.

House Mottoes and Inscriptions: Old and New (S. F. A. Caulfeild). Stock. 5s.

Told by the Northmen (E. M. Wilmot-Buxton); Stories from Don Quixote (H. L. Havell). Harrap. 2s. 6d. net each.

The Great Boer War (A. Conan Doyle); The Life of John Nicholson (Captain Lionel J. Trotter); Collections and Recollections (George W. E. Russell); Scrambles Amongst the Alps (Edward Whymper). Nelson. 1s. net each.

The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard (Edited by Frederic Chapman). Lane. 6s.

No Friend Like a Sister (Rosa Nouchette Carey), 3s. 6d.; Buddhist Essays (Paul Dahlke), 10s. net. Macmillan.

Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire (Ludwig Friedländer). Routledge. 6s.

The Inferno (Sir Samuel Walker Griffith). Australian Book Company.

(Continued on page 462.)

AUTUMN NOVELS.

Now Ready. Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

DIANA MALLORY.

By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD,

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," &c.

First large Edition exhausted. Second Edition now ready.
Pall Mall Gazette.—"Diana is a divine creature—glowing and brilliant in the sunshine, sweet and fragrant in the shadow. It is the faces of the 'crowd,' however, which bring such a marked sense of adequacy and finish to the reading of this novel. They are the evidences of a singularly wide and catholic interest in the movement of the age in its inspiring motives and in its fruits of temperament and tendency."
World.—"Mrs. Ward has given us a heroine who is far sweeter and more womanly than any other of hers that can be called to mind. Diana is really charming."

WROTH.

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE,

Authors of "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew."

Athenaeum.—"There is ample excitement throughout, for the story gallops along with a fine swing."
Evening Standard.—"Wroth" shows youth in the clasp of passion—a passion reminiscent of the better, the more sincere, the purer, the manly aspect of Byronism. It is, in short, a novel with a fine zest."

ROUND THE FIRE STORIES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," &c. With a Frontispiece.
Daily Telegraph.—"Sir Arthur has here collected such of his short stories as deal with the weird, bizarre, and supernatural; and who among living novelists can excel him in this particular form of literature?"
Scotsman.—"Some touch the supernatural. Others are of criminal mysteries, in the elaboration of which the author is a famous expert."

CATHERINE'S CHILD.

By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE,

Author of "Deborah of Tod's," "Peter's Mother," &c.

Scotsman.—"Some of the best qualities of the work of the author of 'Catherine of Calais' are revealed in 'Catherine's Child.' It exhibits her genial yet shrewd philosophy of life, and the simplicity, combined with strength, of her style and the charm of her humour."

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

Daily Chronicle.—"Dr. Fitchett is a writer who can make true history march. His descriptions of incidents in the 'Reign of Terror' are touched with life."

THE GREEN PARROT.

By BERNARD E. J. CAPE,

Author of "The Secret in the Hill," "A Castle in Spain," &c.

THE HOUSE OF THE CRICKETS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN,

Author of "Love of Sisters," "Her Ladyship," &c.

TORMENTILLA;

Or, The Road to Greta Green.

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN,

Author of "The Smile of Melinda," "The Poet and the Pierrot," &c.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UPTON LETTERS," &c.

AT LARGE. By ARTHUR C. BENSON, C.V.O.

JUST PUBLISHED. Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Scotsman.—"A source of delight to a multitude of readers. . . . Those who have already enjoyed Mr. Benson's writings will require no prompting to turn to these new essays, which should have the effect of a bracing mental tonic on the victims of an age of 'hustle.'"

MY FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE,

And Other Original Recitations. Being Specially Revised Selections from "T Leaves," "Tantler's Sister, and Other Untruthful Stories," and "More T Leaves." By EDWARD F. TURNER. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Dundee Advertiser.—"Just now, when the winter entertainments are beginning, the volume should be in much demand."

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE TORIES,

From the Accession of Charles II to the Death of William III (1660-1702). By C. S. ROYLANCE KENT, M.A., Trinity College, Oxford, and of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Dundee Advertiser.—"The book is one that deserves to be read by all parties, and that will be enjoyed apart from its politics altogether."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY

During the latter half of the 19th Century. By General Sir RICHARD HARRISON, G.C.B., Author of "The Officer's Memo. Book," &c. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Now ready.]

CHATEAU AND COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE.

By MARY KING WADDINGTON, Author of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," "Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," &c. With 24 Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Ready To-day.]

ON THE COROMANDEL COAST.

By Mrs. F. E. PENNY, Author of "The Inevitable Law," &c. Small demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [October 15.]

THE STORY OF MAJORCA AND MINORCA.

By Sir CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S., Author of "Richard III.: His Life and Character Reviewed in the Light of Recent Research," "King Edward VI.: an Appreciation," &c. Small demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [October 15.]

PERCY, PRELATE AND POET.

By ALICE C. O. GAUSSEN, Author of "A Later Pepys," "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom," &c. With a Preface by Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 7 Half-Tone Illustrations. Small demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [In October.]

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS.

Vol. II. Just Published.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSODY

from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day.

By Prof. GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A., Hon. LL.D.
 3 Vols. 8vo. Volume II. From Shakespeare to Crabbe. 15s. net. Previously published: Volume I. From the Origins to Spenser. 10s. net.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE JUNGLE BOOK.

By RUDYARD KIPLING. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by MAURICE and EDWARD DETMOLD. 8vo. 5s. net.

AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY WITH CAR AND CAMERA.

By JAMES JOHN HISSEY. With 28 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author, and a Map of the Route. 8vo. 10s. net.

HERCULANEUM, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By CHARLES WALDSTEIN, Litt.D., Ph.D., L.H.D., and LEONARD SHOORIDGE, M.A. With Coloured Frontispiece, numerous Photogravure Plates, and other Illustrations and Maps. Imperial 8vo. 21s. net.

BUDDHIST ESSAYS.

By PAUL DAHLKE. Translated from the German by BHIKKHU SILACĀRA. 8vo. 10s. net.

Seventh Edition Just Published.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE LAW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

By A. V. DICEY, K.C. Seventh Edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GASSENDI.

By G. S. BRETT, Professor of Philosophy, Government College, Lahore. 8vo. 10s. net.

WORKING LADS' CLUBS.

By CHARLES E. B. RUSSELL and L. M. RIGBY, Authors of "The Making of the Criminal." Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

THE NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES.

Edition de Luxe. In 23 Vols. The First Collected Edition. With a New Preface, and a Frontispiece in Photogravure, to each Volume. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net each. Vol. I. RODERICK HUDSON. Vol. II. THE AMERICAN. [Tuesday.]

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE DIVA'S RUBY. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. A Sequel to "The Primadonna" and "Soprano."

OUIDA'S LAST NOVEL.**HELIANTHUS.** A Romance of Modern Europe.**MAMMA.**

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE HILL.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

THE FORBIDDEN BOUNDARY AND**OTHER STORIES.**

By B. L. PUTNAM WEALE.

PATHS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

By L. DOUGALL, Author of "Beggars All," &c.

MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd., London.

MESSRS. BELL'S BOOKS.

Write for Messrs. Bell's Complete Autumn List, which will be sent on application.

SIR W. S. GILBERT'S NEW BOOK.

THE "PINAFORE" PICTURE BOOK.

The Story of H.M.S. "Pinafore" told by W. S. GILBERT. With 16 Illustrations in Colour, numerous Black-and-White Drawings, and Special Cover and End-Papers by ALICE B. WOODWARD. Crown 4to. 5s. net.

Also an *Edition de Luxe*, limited to 250 copies, printed on hand-made paper, with the Plates mounted, 10s. 6d. net.

"An uncommonly powerful tale."—DUNDEE ADVERTISER.
Cloth, 6s. Now Ready.

THE TRAMPING METHODIST.

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

"His adventures as a preacher and his love affairs are woven into a stirring romance, which recalls Stevenson, and in some vague way 'Wuthering Heights' to our mind. The story is powerful, and we welcome a new writer of real merit."—*Morning Post*.

"Those who know and love the beautiful county of Sussex should not fail to secure Miss Kaye-Smith's novel. . . . It is a thoroughly well-told and interesting story, in which the author's love of humanity is only second to her love of nature."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Just Published. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

ARTS AND CRAFTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A Description of Medieval Workmanship in several of the Departments of Applied Art, together with some account of Special Artizans in the Early Renaissance.

By JULIA DE WOLF ADDISON.

With 4 Colour Plates and 70 other Illustrations.

Just published. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

TURKEY AND THE TURKS.

An Account of the Lands, the Peoples, and the Institutions of the Ottoman Empire.

By W. S. MONROE. With 48 Illustrations.

Now Ready. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

STATE AND FAMILY IN EARLY ROME.

By CHARLES W. L. LAUNSPACH, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

"Mr. Launspach's monograph . . . is a vigorous and able summary of an interesting if obscure subject which should be of service to English students."—*Guardian*.

BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

Nearly 800 Volumes are now included in this famous Series.

Write for detailed Catalogue.

NEW VOLUMES.

Completion of Mr. TEMPLE SCOTT'S Edition of SWIFT.

THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

Edited by TEMPLE SCOTT. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P. In 12 Vols. With numerous Portraits and Facsimiles. 5s. each. Vols. I.-XI. ready.

Vol. XII. completing the edition. Bibliography and Full Index, with Essays on the Portraits of Swift and Stella by the Right Hon. Sir FREDERICK FALKNER, K.C., and on the Relations between Swift and Stella by the Very Rev. J. H. BERNARD, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's. With 2 Portraits and a View of Woodpark. [Ready October 29.]

2 Vols. 3s. 6d. each.

GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY ("Poetry and Truth from my own Life.")

A Revised Translation by M. STEELE-SMITH, Head Lecturer in Modern Languages at Newnham College, Cambridge. With an Introduction and Bibliography by KARL BREUL, Litt.D., Ph.D. [Now ready.]

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS—Continued.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Courses of Study (Edited by John M. Robertson), 6s. net; The Positive Science of Morals (J. Carey Hall), 2s. 6d. net. Watts. The Nun Ensign (James Fitzmaurice-Kelly). Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

Studies and Notes Supplementary to Stubbs' Constitutional History (Charles Petit-Dutaillis). Manchester: At the University Press. 4s. net.

THEOLOGY

Of the Imitation of Christ (Thomas à Kempis). Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

The Life of Jesus of Nazareth (William Hole). Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d. net.

Ara Coeli (Arthur Chandler). Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

Essays on Theosophy (J. E. Taylor). Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. net.

The Sphere of Religion (Frank Sargent Hoffman). Putnam. 6s. net.

Roads to Rome (Edited by J. Godfrey Raupert). Kegan Paul. 5s. net.

TRAVEL

New Zealand (Hon. William Pember Reeves). Black. 20s. net.

The People of the Polar North, a Record (Knud Rasmussen). Kegan Paul. 21s. net.

Along the Rivas of France and Italy (Gordon Home). Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

VERSE

Æschylus (Arthur S. Way). Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

Arvat: a Dramatic Poem (Leopold H. Myers). Arnold. 4s. 6d. net.

Longings (John W. de Kay). Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.

Olympian Echoes (C. D. Locock). St. Catherine Press. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

Elimination of the Tramp, The (Edmond Kelly), 3s. 6d. net; Money

Hunger (Henry A. Wise Wood), 4s. net; The Justice of the Mexican War (Charles H. Owen), 5s. net. Putnam.

Greatest Life, The (Gerald Leighton). Duckworth. 5s. net.

Historical and Political Essays (William Edward Hartpole Lecky).

Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d. net.

Irish Precursor of Dante, An (C. S. Boswell). Nutt. 8s. 6d. net.

Letters from an Ocean Tramp (William McFee). Cassell. 6s.

Man and the Universe (Oliver Lodge). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

More Truth, Wit, and Wisdom (Algernon Ashton). Chapman and Hall. 6s.

Murray's Illustrated Bible Dictionary (Edited by the Rev. William C. Piercy). Murray. 21s. net.

Pacific Blockade (Albert E. Hogan). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 6s.

Second International Congress of School Hygiene (Edited by James Kerr). Transactions Vols. I. to III. Royal Sanitary Institute. 12s. 6d.

Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects (Edited by R. W. Dana). Institution of Naval Architects.

What and Why (Shaw Maclaren). Allen. 2s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER:—The Dublin Review, 5s. 6d. net; Scribner's Magazine, 1s.; The East and the West, 1s.; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3/6; Mercure de France, 1/6; 2s.; The National Review, 2s. 6d.; The New Quarterly, 2s. 6d.; The Church Quarterly Review, 3s.; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The Odd Volume, 1s.; Current Literature, 2s.; United Service Magazine, 2s.; The Scottish Historical Review, 2s. 6d.; The International, 1s.; The Estate Magazine, 6d.; The Busy Man's Magazine, 6d.

THE NEW QUARTERLY.

OCTOBER 1908.

A Review of Science and Literature.

Edited by DESMOND MACCARTHY.

Contents.

THE MEANING OF SCIENCE.

NORMAN R. CAMPBELL.

DULCEDO JUDICIORUM.

MAX BREEDHOHN.

OLD BOTTLES. R. C. FUNKETT.

FLAUBERT AND SOME CRITICS.

(Part I.) T. STURGE MOORE.

RABELAISIAN REGRETS.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

CONCILIATORY SOCIALISM.

G. A. PALEY.

A REPLY.

H. G. WELLS.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHINESE

POETRY. G. L. STUPACHUK.

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF SAMUEL

BUTLER, the Author of "Ere-

whon." (IV.)

A NOTE ON "MODERN VIEWS

OF MATTER CRITICISED."

Half-a-Crown net. Yearly Subscription, 10s. post free.

J. M. DENT & Co., 29 & 30 Bedford Street, London, W.C.

406 pages 8vo. cloth, 2s. post free.

HEAVEN AND HELL;

FROM THINGS HEARD AND SEEN.

By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER wrote: "There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all Swedenborg's revelations or speculations about the future life. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community."

LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1 BLOOMSBURY STREET.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF HENRY IRVING.

By AUSTIN BRERETON.

With 1 Photogravure, 22 Collotype Plates, and 23 other Illustrations.
2 vols. 8vo. 25s. net.

THE JOURNAL OF ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND (1791-1811).

Edited by the EARL OF ILCHESTER.

With 6 Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. net. [Next week.]

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL ESSAYS.

By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS:—Thoughts on History—The Political Value of History—The Empire: its Value and its Growth—Ireland in the Light of History—Formative Influences—Carlyle's Message to his Age—Israel among the Nations—Madame de Staël—The Private Correspondence of Sir Robert Peel—The Fifteenth Earl of Derby—Mr. Henry Reeve—Dean Milman—Queen Victoria as a Moral Force—Old-Age Pensions.

MEMORIALS OF TWO SISTERS:

SUSANNA AND CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

Edited by their Niece, MARGARET J. SHAEN.

With 2 Photogravure Portraits. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Next week.]

Catherine, the younger of these two sisters, is the better known, she being the translator of the famous collection of hymns known as "Lyra Germanica." Susanna Winkworth was the translator of several important works by Baron Bunsen, but her best-known work in this direction was that of the "Theologia Germanica," which was issued in 1854 with a preface by Charles Kingsley.

The greater part of the book is composed of letters from the two sisters to members of their family circle and others. Letters are also given from various friends, such as Maurice, James Martineau, Baron Bunsen, Mazzini, and Charlotte Brontë, and in these and other letters glimpses are given of many well-known and interesting persons.

CHEAP RE-ISSUE. 2 vols. 8vo. 7s. net.

MY INNER LIFE:

Being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography.

By J. BEATTIE CROZIER, M.D.,

Author of "Civilisation and Progress," &c.

Spectator.—"Mr. Crozier is known to English readers as one of the most versatile and original thinkers of the day, and there is nothing which he is disposed to say which is not, at least, interesting and suggestive. This work is no exception to the rule."

Daily News.—"Dr. Crozier's style is remarkable, among other things, for its pictorial power. . . . The story of his boyhood now and again reminds one of Tom and Huckleberry's exploits as narrated by Mark Twain. . . . A knowledge of Dr. Crozier's two or three books is in itself a liberal education."

THE LAND OF PROMISE:

An Account of the Material and Spiritual Unity of America.

By RICHARD DE BARY. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Next week.]

NEW LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY.

By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc. (Lond.), M.R.I.A.,
Hon. Secretary of the Dublin Section of the Society for Psychical Research. With Frontispiece, Portraits, and Diagrams in Text.
Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Next week.]

In this volume the new data accumulated by recent physical and biological investigations on the one hand, and psychical research on the other, are brought to bear upon the question of human survival after death.

ANGLING and ART in SCOTLAND:

Some Fishing Experiences Related and Illustrated.

By ERNEST E. BRIGGS, R.I. With 32 Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. 4to. 12s. 6d. net.

LONGMANS' POCKET LIBRARY.—New Volume.

SELECT EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (Translated).

By J. W. MACKAIL, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

A Complete List of Announcements sent on Application.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSHOPS.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT will be Published a New
long Novel by

MISS MARY JOHNSTON

ENTITLED

LEWIS RAND

With Four Illustrations in Colour by F. . YOHAN.
460 pages. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

MAYA. By P. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Author of
"The Little Red Fish." [Next week.]THE BORDERLAND. By ROBERT HALIFAX,
Author of "The Drums of Fate.""A slum story of considerable vividness and power."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.THE LEAVEN OF LOVE. By CLARA LOUISE
BURNHAM, Author of "Jewel," "The Opened Shutters." With
a Frontispiece in Colour.DESIRE. By UNA L. SILBERRAD, Author of "The
Good Comrade."PRINCESS DEHRA. By JOHN REED SCOTT,
Author of "Beatrix of Clare."

THE LIFE OF TOLSTOY: First Fifty Years.

By AYLMER MAUDE. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Maude brings this portrait before us until we seem to see and hear him; and he has done it without flattery and exaggeration."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

DOROTHEA BEALE OF CHELTENHAM. By

ELIZABETH RAIKES. Demy 8vo. Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

"As we close the book we thank God for what Dorothea Beale was more than for what she did."—*Guardian*.

"Ought to be read by every intelligent Englishman and Englishwoman, especially by those who are the parents of daughters."—*The Lady*.

THE PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE: a Biography.

By B. C. HARDY. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"A carefully prepared and well-written biography of an interesting woman."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The whole tragedy is interesting, and the figure of the Princesse de Lamballe is none the less fascinating and pathetic because the author, instead of throwing about her the usual romantic veil through which she is seen as the incarnation of all the angelic virtues, depicts her as a woman with many harmless foibles and frailties, whose brain-powers were not above the average, but whose heart was true, and who was faithful even unto the death of a martyr."—*Westminster Gazette*.

NADIR SHAH. By Sir H. MORTIMER DURAND.

Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. [Next week.]

The theme of this volume concerns one of Persia's national heroes. Sir Mortimer Durand has woven the historical events in the life of this hero into the form of a romance.

PETER MOOR'S JOURNEY TO SOUTH-WEST

AFRICA. A realistic account of one of Germany's little Wars. By
GUSTAV FRENSEN, Author of "Jörn Uhl." Crown 8vo.
4s. 6d. net.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING FOR COLLECTORS AND STUDENTS.

With Full Bibliography, Classified Lists, and Index of Engravers.

By A. M. HIND, of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum.
8vo. Fully Illustrated. 18s. net.

ESSAYS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHEMICAL.

By Prof. Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., D.Sc., &c.
7s. 6d. net. [Shortly.]

FIRST AND LAST THINGS. By H. G. WELLS.

Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. [Shortly.]

Sets forth a corrected, revised, and final version of his personal religion and his social creed. "First and Last Things" knits together what he most surely believes, and is bound to take a prominent place among his books.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM in the 18th CENTURY.

By GERALD BERKELEY HERTZ, M.A., B.C.L. 6s. net.

"Of real historic and political value."—*Manchester Courier*.

THE WORKS OF BERNARD SHAW.

A List of Mr. Shaw's Works will be sent post free to any address.

Book Lovers should also secure a Copy of our
Complete Autumn Announcements.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.

10 ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

EVENING

NEWSPAPER

DEVELOPMENT.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

To meet the demand of readers for more news in their evening paper, the "Westminster Gazette," a journal well known for the leading position which it occupies as a political organ and for its literary merit, will, from Monday next, be enlarged, so as to provide adequate space for a full record of the day's events at home and abroad.

The readers of "The Saturday Review" will find in the new "Westminster Gazette" a complete and trustworthy evening newspaper, which will give

**A full and accurate report of Parliament,
The latest political gossip gathered during the
day by our own representatives,**

**Special reports of all sporting events,
Financial and trade notes, together with a full
service of City and Stock Exchange news,**

**The news from all quarters reported with
fulness and accuracy,**

Making the "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"

THE MOST COMPLETE EVENING NEWSPAPER.

**ORDER THE ENLARGED
WESTMINSTER GAZETTE,
Beginning on MONDAY NEXT.**

A NOVEL FOUR-IN-HAND

MR. JOHN LANE has pleasure in introducing to the public a *Four-in-hand* of First Novels by Four New Authors:—

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|-------------|
| i. ARTHUR'S | By A. NEIL LYONS. | 6s. Ready |
| ii. THE LOST CABIN MINE | By FREDERIC NIVEN. | 6s. Oct. 14 |
| iii. A POOR MAN'S HOUSE | By STEPHEN REYNOLDS. | 6s. Oct. 21 |
| iv. THE GREEN DOMINO | By ANTHONY DYLLINGTON. | 6s. Oct. 28 |

ROMANCE OF A COFFEE-STALL

I "Very pretty comedy" is the verdict on **ARTHUR'S** of the critic in the *Times*. "It is not only a very entertaining and amusing work, but a very kindly and tolerant work also. At the back of it is understanding and love of life, and that most admirable frame of mind for an artist, the live-and-let-live temperament. . . . Incidentally the work is a mirror of a phase of the low London life of to-day as true as certain of Hogarth's transcripts, and far more tender."

A STORY OF ADVENTURE

II All over the West, from Alaska to Sonora, the old prospectors have heard, in one form or another, the myth of **THE LOST CABIN MINE**. Sometimes one is told that it is in one place; sometimes in another; again one is told that it is in Wyoming. Out of this—truth or fable—Mr. NIVEN has woven a romance that carries on the traditions of Defoe and Stevenson. The story is one of those that are read by all, young and old; and (unless we are greatly mistaken) it will take its place among the open-air romances of our language."

NOVEL NOT FICTION

III **A POOR MAN'S HOUSE** is not a novel. The only side on which it borders upon the imaginative is in its synthetic side, the side from which history may be classed as imaginative. The author records his experiences as an inmate of "a poor man's house," as a fellow-worker with the "poor man," in this instance a Devon fisherman, and anticipates one type of criticism by this statement: "I have felt something of the pinch and hardship of the life, as well as enjoyed its picturesqueness. . . . I have worked on the boats sometimes fifteen hours a day, not as an amateur, but for hard and—what is more to the point—badly needed coin." It is perfectly safe to say that such an intricate picture of "a poor man's house" has never hitherto been attempted. And at the present moment it is of exceptional importance to bear in mind Mr. REYNOLDS' contention that homes such as he describes are the ground in which the strength of our navy has its roots. The reader to whom the MS. was sent first, wrote: "It is difficult to find any adequate parallel to **A POOR MAN'S HOUSE**. It should make the author famous in one bound."

A COMEDY OF HIGH LIFE

IV **THE GREEN DOMINO** inevitably suggests Marvell's "green thought in a green shade." Mr. DYLLINGTON has gained the Harland manner—most facile and most felicitous of means for the telling of a summer's tale. And yet there is nothing unreal in the story for all its gracious trifling; there is just the requisite touch of pathos to lend a deeper colour to the scene, and a vivid human interest to a faëry tale of modern English life. One can only hint at a story too exquisitely elusive for analytical detail, and recall in a parallel train of thought Mr. Le Gallienne's inability to translate a wild rose.

MR. LANE also announces:

A SUMPTUOUS RE-ISSUE OF A FAMOUS STANDARD WORK.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKES OF URBINO.

Illustrating the Arms, Art, and Literature of Italy from 1440 to 1630. By JAMES DENNISTOUN, of Dennistoun. A New Edition. By EDWARD HUTTON. With upwards of 100 illustrations. Demy 8vo, 3 vols. 42s. net. This, the chief authority upon the Duchy of Urbino, has long been out of print. Mr. Hutton has left the text intact, but added a large number of Notes, Comments, and References. Besides these notes the book acquires a new value on account of the great wealth of illustrations; no pains have been spared to make these worthy of the book which they adorn.

ORTHODOXY.

By G. K. CHESTERTON. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

By CLARA VIEBIG, Author of "Absolution." Crown 8vo. 6s.

HOLLY, YEW, AND BOX.

With Notes on other Evergreens. By W. DALLIMORE and THOMAS MOORE. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

TWO DIANAS IN ALASKA.

By AGNES HERBERT and a SHIKARI. With numerous illustrations reproduced from Photographs. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. [October 14.]

KASHMIR:

The Land of Streams and Solitudes. By P. PIRIE. With 25 Full-page Plates in colour, and upwards of 100 other illustrations by H. R. PIRIE. Crown 4to. 12s. 6d. net. [October 21.]

AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS:

An Appreciation. By C. LEWIS HIND. Illustrated with 47 Full-page reproductions from his most famous works. With a Portrait by KENYON COX. Large 4to. bound in cloth. 12s. 6d. net.

THE ILIAD OF THE EAST.

A Selection of Legends drawn from VALMIKIS Sanskrit Poem, The RAMAYANA. By FREDERICA MACDONALD. With illustrations and Cover design. By J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON AND NEW YORK

Just out.

RETROSPECTIONS.

By CHARLES WHITEHEAD, Knt., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., F.L.S.,
Agricultural Adviser to the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council;
late Technical Adviser to the Board of Agriculture; late Vice-President of
the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

W. E. THORPE, THE COUNTY LIBRARY, MAIDSTONE.

THE FAUNA OF BRITISH INDIA, including
Ceylon and Burma. Published under the authority of the Secretary
of State for India in Council. Medium 8vo., with numerous Illustrations.
MOLLUSCA, 1 vol., price 10s.; RHYNCHOTA, Vol. IV., Part II., price 10s.
London: Taylor & Francis, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. Calcutta and Simla:
Thacker, Spink & Co. Bombay: Thacker & Co., Ltd. Burma: Myles Standish
& Co., Rangoon. Berlin: Friedlander & Sohn, Carlstrasse 11.

*The Mystery Solved!***LOUIS XVII;**
or, **The Arab Jew.**

By Mrs. WELDON. Price 5s. net.

Everyone should read this interesting and wonderful book.

NICHOLS, 34 Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London.

The Garden City ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR.

A MONTH AT A GLANCE, 6½ in. by 15 in.

Artistically illustrated with 12 LINE DRAWINGS OF
- GARDEN CITY VIEWS, beautifully printed. -

CHURCH FESTIVALS RUBRICATED.

Price 1/- post free, or from Booksellers.

GARDEN CITY PRESS Ltd., Printers, Letchworth, Herts.

H. SOTHERAN & CO., BOOKSELLERS.GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC
INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA,
AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue of fresh Purchases. Specimen number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED AND
ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Codes: UNICODE and A B C.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

Telephone: CENTRAL 1515.

Telephone: MAYFAIR 3601.

COMPETENT ASSISTANCE

given to PARENTS in the CHOICE of SCHOOLS gratis by University Men
and old Schoolmasters who only recommend Schools (Boys' and Girls') they have
personally visited. Prospectus sent free. Purchase and Sale of Schools and
Partnerships negotiated. Publishers of "THE SCHOLASTIC GUIDE."

Assistant Masters, Mistresses, and Governesses introduced.

"THE" SCHOLASTIC AGENCY CO., LTD.C. J. S. NICHOL, M.A. (Cantab.), W. W. BROWNE, M.A. (Oxon.), PERCIVAL A. WARD,
217 PICCADILLY, W. Telephone: 1567 GERRARD.

HAMPSTEAD.—FROGNAL PARK, LONDON, N.W.
St. Basil's Roman Catholic PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS.
Beautiful grounds on the top of Hampstead Hill, close to Hampstead Heath.

HIGHGATE.—SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Fine Situation. Large Playing Field.
Individual attention. Preparation for Examinations.
The Misses RIGG, Earlsbam, Bishopswood Road.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, HILL BROW.—HOME
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Particularly adapted for children whose parents
are abroad. Exceptional advantages. Music, Painting, and Languages Special-
ties.—Principal, Miss WHITE.

TUDOR HALL SCHOOL, CHISLEHURST, KENT.

PRINCIPAL, MISS MARGARET WORTERS.

Advanced Modern Education for Girls of good social position. Boarders only.
London Professors attend daily. Special attention to health, manners and
deportment.

ELY CATHEDRAL

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the
"LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral.
MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

BRIGHTON.—ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL.

Centre of Marine Parade. Best position in Brighton for health and quiet.
Magnificent Sea View. Electric light throughout. Moderate tariff.

GEO. LOGAN, Proprietor.

BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO: Overlooking Bay.

Every kind of Bath and Massage. Physician.

ROYAL BATH HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH.

"The BEST Hotel in Bournemouth."—*The Queens*, July 7, 1907. ONLY
HOTEL ON EAST CLIFF. Overlooking Bay and Pier. Hotel Orchestra. Electric
lift. No charge for attendance or lights. REVISED AND VERY MODERATE TARIFF.
A la carte or inclusive. Golf. Garage. Stables.—C. A. SCHWAB, General Manager.

FIFTY-SEVENTH REPORT
OF**THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LTD.**

(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO)

PRESENTED TO THE SHAREHOLDERS AT THE

HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING,

HELD AT THE

Head Office, Yokohama, on Thursday, 10th September, 1908.

CAPITAL PAID UP Yen 24,000,000
RESERVE FUNDS Yen 15,100,000

President.

Baron KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI.

Directors.

NAGATANE SOMA, Esq. RIVEMON KIMURA, Esq.
ROKURO HARA, Esq. KOKICHI SONODA, Esq.
IPPEI WAKAO, Esq. YUKI YAMAKAWA, Esq.
MASNOSKE ODAGIRI, Esq. VISCOUNT YATARO MISHIMA.
TCHUNOSUKE KAWASHIMA, Esq. HYOKICHI BEKKEY, Esq.

Auditors.

NOBUO TAJIMA, Esq. FUKUSABURO WATANABE, Esq.

Branches.

ANTUNG-HSIEN. KOBE. OSAKA.
BOMBAY. LIAO YANG. PEKING.
CHEFOO. LONDON. RYOJUN (Port Arthur).
CHANGCHUN. LYONS. SAN FRANCISCO.
DAIREN (Dainy). FENGTIEN (Mukden). SHANGHAI.
HANKOW. NAGASAKI. TIELING.
HONG KONG. NEWCHWANG. TIENTSIN.
HONOLULU. NEW YORK. TOKIO.

Head Office: YOKOHAMA.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors submit to you the annexed statement of the
Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and of the Profit and Loss Account for the
Half-year ended 30th June, 1908.

The Gross Profits of the Bank for the past Half-year, including yen 1,091,552.¹⁰
brought forward from last Account, amount to yen 13,644,342.⁷⁹, of which
yen 10,590,837.⁵² have been deducted for Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses,
Rebate on Bills Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks,
&c., leaving a balance of yen 3,053,505.²⁷ for appropriation.

The Directors now propose that yen 500,000.⁰⁰ be added to the Reserve Fund.
From the remainder the Directors recommend a Dividend at the rate of Twelve
per Cent. per annum, which will absorb yen 1,440,000.⁰⁰

The Balance, yen 2,113,505.²⁷, will be carried forward to the credit of next
Account.

Baron KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI, Chairman.

Head Office, Yokohama, 10th September, 1908.

BALANCE-SHEET, 30th June, 1908.

LIABILITIES.		Yen.
Capital (paid up)	24,000,000. ⁰⁰	
Reserve Funds	14,500,000. ⁰⁰	
Silver Depreciation Fund	500,000. ⁰⁰	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	300,128. ²⁸	
Notes in Circulation	4,510,540. ⁸²	
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.)	199,949,702. ⁴¹	
Bills Payable, Bills Rediscounted, Acceptances, and other		
Sums due by the Bank	71,543,267. ²¹	
Dividends Unclaimed	4,934. ⁸²	
Amount brought forward from last Account	3,091,552. ¹⁰	
Net Profit for the past Half-year	1,961,953. ¹⁷	
	Yen 248,502,128. ⁵⁹	

ASSETS.		Yen.	Yen.
Cash Account—			
In Hand	15,937,918. ¹⁸		
At Bankers	11,083,559. ⁶²		
Investments in Public Securities		22,328,840. ⁰⁰	
Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.		114,129,606. ⁰⁰	
Bills receivable and other Sums due to the Bank		81,249,058. ⁰⁰	
Bullion and Foreign Money		1,611,802. ²¹	
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.		1,452,252. ⁷¹	
		Yen 248,502,128. ⁵⁹	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Yen.
To Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills Cur- rent, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks, &c.	10,590,837. ⁵²
To Reserve Fund	500,000. ⁰⁰
To Dividend—	
Yen 6% per Share for 240,000 Shares	1,440,000. ⁰⁰
To Balance carried forward to next Account	1,113,505. ²⁷
	Yen 13,644,342. ⁷⁹

	Yen.
By Balance brought forward 31st December 1907	7,091,552. ¹⁰
By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1908	12,552,790. ⁰⁰
	Yen 13,644,342. ⁷⁹

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, comparing them with the
Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies,
and have found them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c.,
of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and have
found them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

NOBUO TAJIMA, } Auditors.
FUKUSABURO WATANABE, }

The Subscription List is now open and will close on **MONDAY, October 12th**, for both Town and Country.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

A Company formed, under the laws of the United Kingdom, to acquire the Copyright and Goodwill of
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL JOURNAL OF MODERN TIMES.

NO UNDERWRITING.

NO PROMOTION MONEY.

JOHN BULL, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1907).

CAPITAL - £150,000.

Divided into **100,000 ORDINARY SHARES** and

50,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Convertible Preference Shares of ONE POUND each.

The Preference Shares are entitled to a cumulative preferential dividend of Six per cent. per annum, and rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares as to both capital and dividends. They also carry the right to conversion into Ordinary Shares at the option of the holders.

The Ordinary Shares will be allotted as fully paid as part consideration for the transfer of the copyright, goodwill, and other property of "JOHN BULL" as a going concern, the Vendors paying the whole of the expenses (other than Government Fees, Stamps, Legal Charges and Brokerage on Shares), incidental to this issue.

The Articles of Association provide for the establishment of a Reserve Fund until the same equals in amount the total of the Preference Issue.

Issue of 50,000 Six per cent. Cumulative Convertible Preference Shares.

Payable 2/6 per share on application; 7/6 on allotment; 5/- on December 31st, 1908; and 5/- on March 25th, 1909.

DIRECTORS:

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., 67 Long Acre, London, W.C., Founder and Editor of "JOHN BULL," *Governing Director.*

HENRY T. BURTON, Managing Director of THE PARTINGTON ADVERTISING CO., LIMITED, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.

J. S. ELIAS, Director and Manager of ODHAMS, LIMITED, and SOUTHWOOD, SMITH and Co., LIMITED, Newspaper Proprietors, Printers and Publishers, Long Acre, London, W.C., *Business Manager.*

And one other, to be appointed by the Preference Shareholders.

BANKERS:

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, 5 Threadneedle Street, E.C.: Covent Garden Branch, 22 Bow Street, W.C.; and other branches.

SOLICITORS:

JENKINS, BAKER, BEHRENS, and WREFORD BROWN, 31 Poultry, London, E.C.

BROKER:

PERCY BROWNING, 3 Copthall Chambers, London, E.C. (and Stock Exchange).

AUDITOR:

DALTON EASUM, Chartered Accountant, 16 Bevis Marks, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES:

COLES L. HARRIS, 67 Long Acre, London, W.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

—a successful newspaper property, once thoroughly established, constituting one of the soundest and most secure investments.

Under the Articles of Association it is provided that not less than twenty per cent. of the annual profits available for payment of dividends after providing for the Preference Dividend, are to be set apart as a Reserve Fund, until such Fund shall amount in value to the aggregate nominal amount of the Preference Shares in the original capital for the time being issued and outstanding.

Mr. Bottomley agrees to act as Editor of the Journal for a period of ten years, and during such period not to conduct or be financially interested in any other journalistic undertaking, except for the benefit of this Company. He further agrees to act as Chairman and Governing Director of the Company for a similar period. Whilst he holds the office of Chairman and Governing Director he is to be paid for his services an amount equal to 10 per cent. of the annual net profits of the Company, as certified by the Company's auditor in each year.

Mr. Elias, whose experience and knowledge of the technical side of journalism are very extensive, will give the Company the benefit of his practical knowledge.

Mr. Burton's large experience will also be of great service.

The Preference Shareholders are entitled to convert their holdings into Ordinary Shares at any time upon giving the Company six months' notice.

The remuneration of the Directors, other than the Governing Director, is to be from time to time determined by the Company in General Meeting, and may be either by way of a fixed sum annually or for any other period, or by way of a percentage on profits or profits of a particular transaction, or by both such methods.

Among the Contracts is an Agreement dated the 7th day of October, 1908, made between "John Bull," Limited, whose registered office is at 5 Court Row, Guernsey (the vendors), of the one part, and this Company of the other part, being the Contract for sale of the copyright and goodwill of "John Bull" above referred to, and the book debts of the Vendors, in consideration of the allotment of 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each of this Company, credited as fully paid, in respect of the goodwill of the journal and business, and a payment in cash of £25,000, out of which cash payment the Vendors will pay off the existing Debentures, the Company discharging the current liabilities of the Vendors (limited to £15,000), and the registration fees, stamp duties, legal charges, and brokerage on shares.

London, 7th October, 1908.

NOTE.—The above being only an abridged summary of the Prospectus, applications made on this form must be treated as subject in all respects to the terms and conditions of the full Prospectus as filed, and copies of which may be obtained from the Secretary of the Company or its Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

APPLICATION FORM.

To the Directors of JOHN BULL, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £
 being a deposit of ss. 6d. per share on Preference Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of shares upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, dated the 7th day of October, 1908, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the further instalments upon the terms of the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Ordinary Signature

Name (in full)

Address (in full)

Profession or Business

Dated

Note.—Please write very distinctly.

All Cheques to be made payable to Bear & Co. and crossed "and Co."
 This form to be filled up and sent with Remittance to the Company's Bankers, the London City and Midland Bank, Ltd., 5 Threadneedle Street, E.C.; Covent Garden Branch, 22 Bow Street, W.C.; or other Branches.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S SECOND AUTUMN LIST

THE KING'S CLASSICS.

Each volume is adequately Edited by a Specialist upon the subject with which it deals, while the majority of the Titles are not to be found in any other Series. 16mo (6 by 4½ in.), gilt tops, with Frontispiece, red cloth or quarter-bound, antique grey boards, 1s. 6d. net.

NEW VOLUMES NOW READY.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ICELANDIC.

SWIFT'S BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

DANTE'S VITA NUOVA.

GEORGE PETTIE'S "PETITE PALLACE OF PETTIE HIS PLEASURE." (Two Volumes.)

Detailed Prospectus of the Series post free on application.

THE NEW MEDIEVAL LIBRARY.

Each volume contains Photogravure or Woodcut Reproductions of the Illustrations contained in the Works translated. Each volume further contains a Title-Page engraved upon wood, after a notable contemporary example.

NEW VOLUMES NOW READY.

THE BABEES' BOOK: Medieval Manners for the Young.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY FINA, Virgin of Santo Geminiano.

Other Volumes in preparation.

Size 6½ by 4½ in., boards, cloth, 5s. net; whole brown pigskin, antique style, with clasps, 7s. 6d. net.

Detailed Prospectus of the Series post free on application.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With 12 Full-Page Reproductions of Water-Colours, numerous Illustrations in the Text in Line, designed End-Papers and Title (printed in Gold), and a special Binding Design by MILLICENT SOWERBY. Large crown 8vo. cloth, 5s. net. Also a Special Edition, limited to 1,000 copies, on larger pure rag paper, the Plates mounted, and bound in whole parchment, 10s. 6d. net.

"Mature lovers of 'A Child's Garden of Verses' will be sure to like Miss Sowerby's dainty headpieces, while the full-page plates in colour will as certainly delight younger folk. These plates are perfect embodiments of the delightful poems they illustrate."—*Burlington Magazine*.

LEGENDS FROM FAIRYLAND.

By HOLME LEE. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Narrating the history of Prince Glee and Princess Trill, the cruel persecution and condign punishment of Aunt Spite, the adventures of the great Tuffongbo, and the story of the Blackcap in the Giant's well.

Printed in red and black, with about 250 Illustrations, Full-Page and in Text, by REGINALD L. and HORACE J. KNOWLES, and an Introduction by E. H. FREEMANTLE.

"We have quite fallen in love with the charming conventionalism of these pictures, big and little."—*Evening Standard*.

MARGERY REDFORD and her Friends.

An amusing and novel book for Children aged from ten to twenty. By Mrs. M. H. SPIELMANN, Author of "Little-don Castle," "My Son and I," &c. With numerous Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. Large crown 8vo. cloth, 5s. net.

ANNE'S TERRIBLE GOOD

NATURE, and other Stories.

By E. V. LUCAS. With 12 Illustrations by A. H. BUCKLAND, and Cover Design and Coloured End-Papers by F. D. BEDFORD. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

A new book for children by Mr. E. V. Lucas is always an event with them as with their parents. The present volume will not be the less welcome for its charming illustrations, general style, and clear print.

THE BARBARIANS OF MOROCCO.

By GRAF STERNBERG, Member of the Reichstag, Author of "My Impressions of the Boer War." Translated by ETHEL PECK. With 12 Illustrations after Water-Colours by DOUGLAS FOX PITT, R.I. Large crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net.

"It is written as the result of careful investigation at the hands of a keen observer. The Count writes of what he has seen, and he has a long sight and a vigorous judgment. . . . All will admit that he writes with obvious sincerity and with unflinching gusto. This is a healthy, wholesome book, stimulating ideas even where it does not command assent."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY.

Part I. The Old-Spelling Shakespeare.

In 40 vols. Edited according to the Orthography and Arrangement of the more authentic Quarto and Folio Versions, with brief Introductions by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., D.Litt. Printed on fine paper, 8½ by 6 inches, half-bound boards, per volume, 2s. 6d. net. Also a Library Edition of 500 Sets (to be subscribed for in sets only), pure rag paper, half-parchment, gilt top, 5s. net.

NEW VOLUMES NOW READY.

8. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

13. THE WINTER'S TALE.

Part II. The Shakespeare Classics.

General Editor, Prof. I. GOLLANCZ, D.Litt.

A Series of Reprints embodying the Originals or Direct Sources of Shakespeare's Plays. Quarter-bound, antique grey boards, 2s. 6d. net. Whole gold brown velvet Persian, 4s. net. Also a Library Edition of 500 Sets (to be subscribed for in sets only), half-parchment, gilt top, 5s. net.

NEW VOLUMES NOW READY.

9. THE SOURCES AND ANALOGUES OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Edited by FRANK SIDGWICK.

Part III. The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young.

Based on MARY and CHARLES LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. An attempt to insert skilfully within the setting of prose those scenes and passages from the play with which the young reader should quite early become acquainted. Editor, Prof. I. GOLLANCZ. Each volume will be illustrated, and a further feature will be made of Songs from the Plays set to the best music arranged for school use. Imperial 16mo (about 7½ by 5½ inches). Cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. net; limp lamb-skin, 2s. 6d. net. Special School Edition, limp linen, 8d. net.

NEW VOLUMES NOW READY.

4. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

5. THE WINTER'S TALE.

6. TWELFTH NIGHT.

7. CYMBELINE.

Part IV. Shakespeare's England.

A Series of Volumes illustrative of the Life, Thought, and Literature of England in Shakespeare's Time; also a new and comprehensive Elizabethan Anthology.

THE FIRST FOUR VOLUMES NOW READY.

A detailed Prospectus of the Shakespeare Library will be forwarded post free on application.

FROM ISLAND TO EMPIRE.

A short History of the expansion of England by force of Arms. By J. S. C. BRIDGE. With an Introduction by Admiral Sir CYPRIAN BRIDGE, G.C.B., K.C.B. With many Maps and Plans. Large crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net. [Immediately.]

THE COLOUR OF PARIS.

By MM. LES ACADEMIES GONCOURT, under the general Editorship of M. LUCIEN DESCAVES (Secrétaire de l'Académie Goncourt). Translated by M. D. FROST. With an Introduction by M. L. BÉNÉDITE (Conservateur du Musée National du Luxembourg), and an Essay by the Artist. Fully Illustrated after Water-Colour and Sepia Drawings by the Japanese Artist, YOSHIO MARKINO. Large fcap. 4to. cloth, gilt top, 20s. net. Also 200 Large-Paper Copies, 42s. net. [Immediately.]

DEVON: its Moorlands, Streams, and Coasts

By LADY ROSALINE NORTHCOTE. Fully Illustrated in Colours by FREDERICK J. WIDGERY. Large fcap. 4to. cloth, gilt top, 20s. net. Also 150 Large-Paper Copies, 42s. net. (For the L.P. Edition inquire of the Booksellers, as it is "out of print" with the Publishers.) [Immediately.]

AN INLAND VOYAGE.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Newly set in special large type, with 12 Full-Page Reproductions after Water-Colours, and 12 Facsimile Drawings, also designed Title, End-Papers, and Maps, and Cover Design by NOEL ROOKE. Extra crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d. net; parchment, 10s. 6d. net. Also 250 Large-Paper Copies on pure rag paper, the Plates mounted, and bound in whole parchment, 21s. net. [Shortly.]

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

WEeping CROSS. By HENRY LONGAN STUART.

THE GALLEON OF TORBAY. By E. E. SPEIGHT.

SHIPS OF DESIRE. By L. S. GIBSON, Author of "The Freemasons," "Burnt Spices," &c.

JUNIA. By JESSIE HERBERTSON, Author of "The Stigma," "Mortal Men," &c.

DARK CORNERS. By F. E. PENNY, Author of "The Inevitable Law."

THE LAND OF SILENT FEET. By ARTHUR O. FISHER, Author of "Withyford."

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER, PAGE, at the Office, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 10 October, 1908.